

A
SUPPLEMENT
TO THE
WORKS
OF

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

CONTAINING,

Such POEMS, LETTERS, &c. as are omitted
in the Edition published by the Reve-
rend Doctor *Warburton*: With a KEY
to the LETTERS.

To which is added,

(Not in the *London* Edition); A KEY to the
Three Hours after MARRIAGE.



D U B L I N:

Printed for W. WHITESTONE, opposite *Dick's*
Coffee-House, in *Skinner-Row*.
M.DCC.LVII.

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P R E F A C E.

AS the leaves of the Sybil were too valuable to be lost, so we apprehend the recovering the subsequent pieces of Mr. Pope's from the obscurity they lay in, will be an acceptable service to the public.

The motives for the reverend publisher of his works, omitting them, are best known to himself; and which, as he has declined communicating, we suppose might arise from the following reasons.

The satire on Lord Bolingbroke in the imitation of the 4th epistle of the 1st book of Horace, and that praise bestowed on him in his letter to Mr. Richardson, where he says,

The sons shall blush their fathers were his foes ;

being so contradictory, probably occasioned the former to be suppressed.

So the panegyrick on lady Mary Wortley Montague, was very likely omitted on account of her having satirized him in *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*, to which abuse he returned, in 1st Sat. 2d B. of Horace.

*From furious Sappho, scarce a milder fate,
Pox'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.*

The verses on the Looking-Glass; possibly were secreted, from the author's becoming soon after acquainted with that lady and her husband, as appears in a letter to Mr. Gay, Nov. 8th, 1718.

The Three Gentle Shepherds being left out, seems sufficiently explained in the letter to an honourable person, June 8th, 1714; and the Dunciad.

The sarcastical verses and letter describing Bleinheim, we presume, are rejected in compliment to the present proprietors of it.

The letter to Mr. Hughes, with the excellent character of his deceas'd brother, being so contrary to one address'd to Dean Swift, in which he says, He was of the class of the mediocribus in prose and verse, made it necessary to sink the first.

The letter to Mr. Dennis is not inserted, because Mr. Pope had only ridicul'd him under the fictitious account of Dr. Norris's frenzy, but afterward in the Dunciad.

The three letters from the Abbe C---- are supposed to be omitted on the score of the reflections on the then Ministry, and the high panegyrick Mr. Pope bestows on himself.

But why those to Miss Blount have not had a place, because borrow'd from Voiture, when that to a lady with a book of drawings, is taken from one he wrote to Madam Rambouillet, in the name of Collet the engraver, presenting a book of his prints, and others, containing compliments to several ladies, are extracted from him, is, we imagine, owing to a design of rendering the Plagiary less liable to detection.

We are at a loss to assign a reason why the Sober Advice from Horace; the Version of the first Psalm, which was printed from the original MSS. under Mr. Pope's own hand; the fecundifying verse in the Worms; the rapturous lines in the letter

P R E F A C E.

letter to Mr. Cromwell, Jan. 22, 1708-9; the letter to a lady in the name of her brother; all which seem of a piece with the lines in the letter to the above gentleman, April 25th, 1708, which is permitted to remain, while those are excluded, seems incongruous; unless that is retained in order to display the poet's excellence in double entendre, as in all other things he enterprized.

But whatever might be suggested against reviewing aught here mentioned, sure nothing can be objected against the *Essay on Human Life*, which was printed soon after the *Essay on Man*, was ushered into the world by the same publisher, and asserted in the title to be done by the same author. This was never contradicted by him, and the stile evinces to be true; and seems to have taken its rise from that hint in Dr. Swift's letter to him July 23d, 1737, where he observes, *From these volumes of letters might be collected the best system that ever was wrote for the conduct of human life.*

As to the other poems, they speak for themselves; and as they were universally acknowledged to be his at their first appearance, they will not, we presume, be disputed now.

Though Mr. Pope complained in his letters to Mr. Craggs and Mr. Bethel, of the publication of his puerile epistles to Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Cromwell, on account of his ill judgment of men and things; yet as he afterwards admitted them in the edition published by himself, so the sentiments he then entertained, received the sanction of his riper years, and should not have been rejected; nor that number of paragraphs in several

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ral letters castrated, which we have now restored to the public.

The omitting of the *Three Hours after Marriage*, might be owing to its having been damned at the time it was acted. And tho' Mr. Gay's name appears in the advertisement to it, yet he therein acknowledges he received assistance from two friends, who would not allow of their names being told. But Colley Cibber, Esq; has not scrupled to say that it was jointly wrote by Mr. Pope, and Dr. Arbuthnot; and that Mr. Gay permitted his name to be made use of to screen them from the laugh of the town.

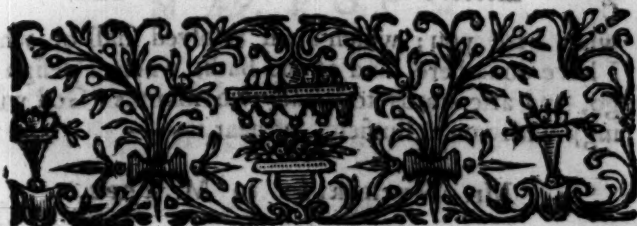




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LETTERS

OF Mr. WYCHERLEY TO Mr. POPE.

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

March 22, 1705-6.

I MUST lay a penance upon you—which is to desire you to look over that damn'd miscellany of madrigals of mine, to pick out (if possible) some that may be so altered, that they may yet appear in print again: I hope with better success than they hitherto have done. I will give you my reason for this request of mine,

B when

when I see you; which I am resolv'd shall be when I have done here, and at the Bath, where I design to go, and afterwards to spend two months (God willing) with you at Binfield, or near it—

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

Feb. 19, 1706-7.

I HAVE receiv'd yours of the 26th, as kind as it is ingenuous, for which therefore I most heartily thank you. It would have been much more welcome to me, had it not inform'd me of your want of health; but you who have a mind so vigorous, may well be contented with its crazy habitation; since (you know) the old similitude says: The keenness of the mind soonest wears out the body, as the sharpest sword soonest destroys the scabbard: so that (as I say) you must be satisfy'd with your apprehension of an uneasy life, tho' I hope not a short one; notwithstanding that you solid wits (tho' weak bodies) are immortal hereafter by that genius, which shortens your present life, to prolong that of the future. But I yet hope, your great vigorous, and active mind will not be able to destroy your little, tender, and crazy carcass.

Now to say something to what you write concerning the present epidemic distemper of the mind and age, calumny, I know it is no more to be avoided (at one time or another of our lives) than a fever or an ague; and as often those distempers attend, or threaten the best constitutions, from the worst air; so does that malignant air of calumny soonest attack the sound and elevated in mind, as storms of wind the tallest and most fruitful trees; whilst the low and weak, for bowing and moving to and fro, are by their weakness secure from the danger and violence of the tempest. But so much for stinking rumour, which weakest minds are most afraid of; as Irishmen, tho' the vulgarest of mankind, are most offended at a fart.

Extract

Extract from Mr. WYCHERLEY's letter to
Mr. POPE, Feb. 28, 1707-8.

*After, As to your hearing of my being ill, in the 5th
line, read this note:*

Mr. Pope had this from Mr. Cromwell, after his enquiry, in these words. " returned to town last Saturday, and enquiring (as you desired) about Mr. Wycherley, was told, in two several places that he had been very ill, and that he was gone off our stage: but I could not imagine this report to be true, or that so great a man could leave the world without its being instructed to lament so considerable a loss."

Extract from two letters of Mr. Wycherley of May 18, and of July 28, 1708.

I HAVE made a dam'd compliment in verse, upon the printing your pastorals, which you shall see when you see me. — If you suffer my old dowdy of a muse to wait upon your sprightly lads of the plains, into the company of the town, it will be but like an old city bawd's attending a young country-beauty to town, to gain her admirers, when past the hopes of pleasing the world herself.



LETTERS

TO

HENRY CROMWELL, Esq;

An epistle to HENRY CROMWELL, Esq*;

Dear Mr. Cromwell,

May it please ye!

S I T still a moment; pray be easy —
Faith 'tis not five; no play's begun;

No game at Ombre lost or won.

Read something of a diff'rent nature,

Than Evening Post, or Observer;

And pardon me a little fooling,

— Just while the coffee stands a cooling.

Since your acquaintance with one Brocas †,

Who needs will back the muses cock-horse,

Since

* The Authors Age 19.

† Commonly call'd Beau *Britar*.

I know you dread all those who write,
 And both with mouth and hand recite ;
 Who flow, and leisurely rehearse
 As loth t' enrich you with their verse ;
 Just as a still, with simples in it,
 Betwixt each drop stays half a minute.
 (That simile is not my own,
 But lawfully belongs to Donne ;
 You see how well I can contrive a
Interpolatio furtiva)
 To Brocas' lays no more you listen,
 Than to the wicked works of Whiston ;
 In vain he strains to reach your ear,
 With what it wisely, will not hear :
 You bless the power who made that organ
 Deaf to the voice of such a Gorgon,
 (For so one sure may call the head,
 Which does not look, but read men dead.)

I hope, you think me none of those
 Who show their parts as Pentlow does,
 I but lug out to one or two
 Such friends, if such there are, as you,
 Such, who read Heinsius and Masson,
 And as you please to pass their doom,
 (Who are to me both Smith and Johnson)
 So seize them flames, or take them Tonson.

But, Sir, from Brocas, Fouler, me,
 In vain you think to 'scape Rhyme-free,
 When was it known one bard did follow
 Whig-maxims, and abjure Apollo?
 Sooner shall major-general cease
 To talk of war, and live in peace;
 Yourself for goose reject crow-quill,
 And for plain Spanish quit Brasil;
 Sooner shall Rowe lampoon the Union,
 Tydcombe take oaths on the Communion;
 The Granvilles write their name plain Greenfield,
 Nay, Mr. Wycherley see Binfield.

I'm told, you think to take a step some
 Ten miles from town t' a place call'd Epfom,
 To treat those nymphs like yours of Drury,
 With — I protest, and I'll assure ye, —
 But tho' from flame to flame you wander,
 Beware; your heart's no Salamander!
 But burnt so long, may soon turn tinder,
 And so be fir'd by any cinder —
 (Wench, I'd have said, did rhyme not hinder)
 Shou'd it so prove, yet who'd admire?
 'Tis known, a cook-maid roasted Prior,
 Lardella fir'd a famous author,
 And for a butcher's well-fed daughter
 Great D. — s roar'd, like ox at slaughter.

Now,

(Now, if you're weary of my style,
Take out your box of right Brasil,
First lay this paper under, then,
Snuff just three times, and read again.)

I had to see you some intent,
But for a curst impediment,
Which spoils full many a good design,
That is to say, the want of coin.
For which, I had resolv'd almost,
To raise Tibeous Gracchus' ghost;
To get, by once more murd'ring Caius,
As much as did Septimuleius;
But who so dear will buy the lead,
That lies within a poet's head,
As that which in the hero's pate
Deserv'd of gold an equal weight?

Sir, you're so stiff in your opinion,
I wish you do not turn Socinian;
Or prove reviver of a schism,
By modern wits call'd Quixotism.
What mov'd you, pray, without compelling,
Like Trojan true, to draw for Hellen?
Quarrel with Dryden for a strumpet,
(For so she was as e'er show'd rump yet,

Tho'

8 L E T T E R S to

Tho' I confess, she had much grace,
 Especially about the face.)
 Virgil, when call'd Pasiphae Virgo
 (You say) he'd more good breeding, *Ergo*—
 Well argu'd, faith! your point you urge
 As home, as ever did Panurge:
 And one may say of Dryden too,
 (As once you said of you know who)
 He had some fancy, and cou'd write;
 Was very lerrn'd, but not polite——
 However, from my soul I judge
 He ne'er (good man) bore Hellen grudge.
 But lov'd her full as well it may be,
 As e'er he did his own dear lady*.
 You have no cause to take offence, Sir,
 Z——ds, you're as sour as Cato Censor;
 Ten times more like him, I profess,
 Than I'm like Aristophanes.

To end with news —— the best I know,
 Is, I've been well a week, or so.
 The season of green pease is fled,
 And artichocks reign in their stead.
 Th' Allies to bomb Toulon prepare,
 G——d save the pretty lady's there!

One

* Mr. Dryden married Lady Elizabeth Howard,

HENRY CROMWELL Esq; 9

One of our dogs is dead and gone,
And I, unhappy! left alone.

If you have any consolation
T^r administer on this occasion,
Send it, I pray, by the next post,
Before my sorrow be quite lost.

The twelfth or thirteenth day of July,

But which, I cannot tell you truly †.

Extracts from Mr. POPE's letters to
HENRY CROMWELL, Esq;

L E T T E R March 18, 1703.

Line 10, *after* into the country, *read*:

—However, I will confess myself the less concern'd on that account, because I have no very violent inclination to lose my heart, especially in so wild and savage a place as this forest is: in the town, 'tis ten to one but a young fellow may find his stray'd heart again, with some Wild-street or Drury-Lane damsel; but here, where I could have met with no redress from an unmerciful, virtuous dame, I must for ever have lost my little traveller in a hole, where I cou'd never rummage to find him again.

P. S. Pray do not put an annachronism again upon me, for my game at tables out of Plutarch.

I gave

I gave your service to Mr. Wycherley yesterday;
and desire you to give mine to ~~me~~ let me see ~~you~~
Mr. Tydcombe.

LETTER I

Sir,

April 25th, 1708.

THIS letter greets you from the shades;
(Not those which thin unbodiy'd shadows
fill,

That glide along th' Elysian glades,

Or skim the flow'ry meads of Asphodill:)

But those, in which a learned author said,

Strong drink was drunk, and gambols play'd,

And two substantial meals a-day were made.

The business of it is t' express,

From me and from my holiness,

To you and to your gentleness,

How much I wish you health and happiness;

And much good news, and little spleen as may be;

A hearty stomach, and sound lady;

And ev'ry day a double dose of coffee,

To make you look as sage as any Sophy.

For the rest, I must be content in plain prose to
assure you, that I am very much oblig'd to you for
the favour of your letter, and in particular, for the
transla-

translation of that one Latin verse, which cost you three in English.

“ One short, one long,
“ One smooth, one strong,
“ One light, one wrong.

But if I may be allow'd to object against any thing you write (which I must do, if it were only to be even with you for your severity to me) it should be that passage in yours, where you are pleas'd to call the whores of Drury-lane, the nymphs of Drury. I must own it was some time before I could frame to my self any plausible excuse for this expression; but affection (which you know, Sir, excuses all things) at last furnish'd me with one in your justification; which I have here sent you, in verse, that you may have at least some rhyme to defend you, tho' you should have no reason.

If wit or critick blame the tender swain,

Who still'd the gentle damsels in his strain

The nymphs of Drury not of Drury lane;

Be this his answer, and most just excuse—

“ Far be it, Sirs, from my more civil muse,

“ Those loving ladies rudely to traduce.

“ Alleys and lanes are terms too vile and base,

“ And give ideas of a narrow pass;

“ But the well worn paths of the nymphs of Drury

“ Are large and wide, Tydcombe, and I assure ye.”

I made

I made no question but the news of Sapho's staying behind me in the town wou'd surprize you. But she is since come into the country, and to surprize you more, I will inform you, that the first person she nam'd when I waited on her, was one Mr. Cromwell. What an ascendant have you over all the Sex, who could gain the Fair-one's heart by appearing before her in a long, black unpowder'd periwig; nay, without so much as the very extremities of clean linen in neck-cloth and cuffs! I guess that your friend Vertumnus among all the forms he assum'd to win the good graces of Pomona, never took upon him that of a slovenly Beau. Well, Sir, I leave you to your meditations on this occasion, and to languish unactive (as you call it.)

But I find I have exceeded my bounds, and begin to travel on the confines of impertinence. However to make you amends, I shall desire Mr. Wycherley to deliver you this letter, who will be sure in less than a quarter of an hour's conversation with you, to give you wit enough to atone for twice as much dulness as I have troubled you with. Therefore I shall only give my respects to some of our Acquaintance, and conclude,

To Baker first my service, pray;

To Tydcombe eke,

And Mr. Cheek;

Last to yourself my best respects I pay,

And so remain, for ever and for ay,

S I R,

Your affectionate

humble servant,

A. POPE.

Extract

Extract from letter Nov. 18, 1708.

P. S. Sir, I shall take it as a great favour if you will give me a line or two, directed to me at Binfield near Ockingham, by Ockingham bag, Berks; and if Mr. Wycherley be in town, you will oblige me by letting me know it; for I fear he is not well, having not heard a good while from him, and not knowing where to direct a letter to him in case he be yet in the country.

Extract from letter Jan. 22, 1708-9.

P. S. This immeasurable long letter is like a large worthless country present, which expects in return a little one from the town, but of much greater value.

Extract from letter May 7, 1709.

After well-penn'd verses (which is the first line of the third page) read:

— I have been told of a very lucky compliment of an officer to his mistress in the very same place, which I cannot but set down (and desire you at present to take it in good part instead of a Latin quotation) that it may some time or other be improv'd by your pronunciation, while you walk *solus cum sola* in those amorous shades.

"When at Spring-garden Sapho deigns t' appear,
 "The flow'rs march in her van, musk in her rear."

After seldom observed it, (in the conclusion) read:

— Sir, I shall be very proud of a line or two
 from you sometimes during this summer, which will
 be always very welcome and very obliging to,

S I R,

Your most humble and

most obedient servant,

A. POPE

Extract from letter

July 17, 1709.

After very sincerely, in the conclusion, read:

Dear S I R,

Your most oblig'd and

affectionate servant,

A. POPE.

P. S. Pray give my service to Mr. Tydcombe,
 and intreat him with all possible tenderness not to
 defraud me of the letter he writ, and which so right-
 fully belongs to me.

Extract

HENRY CROMWELL, Esq; 15

Evtraçt from letter Aug. 19 1709.

After the conclusion, read:

P. S. I have not heard these two months from Mr. Wycherley, tho' I have written to him twice. I am since told he has been ill, which I am very much concern'd for, and fear is the occasion of his silence since his last letters, which were the kindest in the world. If you happen at your return to find him in town, it will be very obliging to let me know of it; in the mean time, a letter from you will make me the best amends for my solitude.

LETTER II.

Sir,

November 30th, 1709.

ABOUT the time that Mr. Wycherley came to London, I troubled you with a letter of mine, in hopes of prevailing with you to continue the favour of yours. But I now write, to convince you that silence is not always the surest guard against impertinence: I have too great a sense of those many civilities receiv'd from you, to desist from expressing it, till I receive more: for you not only have acquainted me with many of my errors in scribbling, but with some in my conduct; and I owe to you the knowledge of things infinitely more of concern to myself, than any thing of mine can be to others. The advantage I have obtain'd from both, might endanger your being put upon an endless trouble of criticizing on the rest of my faults. and therefore you have reason to make some delay with those now under your examination: Tho' I never cou'd expect you shou'd once look upon them, but when you were perfectly at leisure; yet so much assurance your former kindness had given me, that I was under some apprehension for your health, on the score of your silence; and I desir'd Mr. Wy-

16 LETTERS to

cherley to inform me on that subject ; which he did not, either through forgetfulness, or else believing I shou'd be soon in town. And I had certainly been there before this time, had it been in my power to comply with his most obliging invitation, and my desire of seeing him and you. But since I find I must not hope for that satisfaction till after Christmas, I entreat you will not, in the mean time, let me be so unhappy as to doubt of your welfare ; which is the sole business of this letter, that (to make you some amends for the unconscionable length of my last) shall not add a word more but that which I hope you will ever believe, that I am,

Dear S I R,

Your most oblig'd and

most humble servant,

A. POPE.

P, S. Pray continue to assure Mr. Wycherley of my real affection for, and service to him, and let him know I writ to him two posts since. You will likewise oblige me by giving my service to Mr. Betterton when you see him, who I (am afraid) is not well, not having seen his name among the actors in the publick advertisement.

LETTER

HENRY CROMWELL, Esq; 17

LETTER III.

Dear Sir, December 15th, 1709.

I Receiv'd the favour of your kind letter, wherein I find you have oblig'd me before I expected it, in reviewing the papers I sent you; I have been ask'd, I believe twenty times, by Sir William Trumbull for a sight of that translation, but have defer'd it till I could supply the blank spaces I left in the fair copy, by your approbation. If therefore you will send it inclos'd to Mr. Thorold the Tobacconist in Duke-Street, to be sent me by the coach as soon as you can conveniently; it will come very opportunely; since I find I can no longer refuse to show it to Sir William with any decency. I am mightily pleas'd with your objection to my attributing friendship to dogs, yet think the want of equality is no obstacle to the friendship of some country gentleman of my acquaintance, with theirs. I am extremely impatient to enjoy your agreeable conversation, and to let you know how much I prefer it to any here, where indeed dogs and men are much on a level, only the first have more good-nature and more sagacity. If I were not at this instant very much afflicted with the head ach, I would offer a few more considerations in behalf of the four-legg'd part of the creation. But I will only add one word, that you and I will never disagree about dogs, or any thing else, for I am with very much esteem, and ever will be,

S I R,

Your most faithful friend,

and humble servant,

A. POPE.

C 3

P. S. I

P. S. I design to write to Mr. Wycherley by this post, in answer to the most kind and friendly letter I ever received. I shall never be unhappy or melancholy in the country, as long as he and you will oblige me with your letters.

Extract from letter

Ap. 10, 1710.

After punctually obey'd, read:

Dear Sir, I give you my thanks for abundance of civility and good-nature shown to me in town on all occasions, and desire you to believe me always sensible of the favours of my friends, which I never forget, any more than I do my friends, themselves. 'Tis the chief of my pleasure here, to be assured of their welfare, and I envy the town for nothing else but their continuing in it, You will oblige me by giving my service to those at the coffee-house that have so little to employ their thoughts as to enquire of me; and pray when you see Mr. Balam do me the same, who (you told me) was so obliging as to intend me his company before I left London. I am in great impatience of the favour of a line from you, which will be at all times extremely welcome to,

S I R,

Your very faithful

and oblig'd servant

A. POPE.

Extract

HENRY CROMWELL, Esq; 19

Extract from letter May 10, 1710.

After the conclusion, read:

“ The tenth of May; that is (in meter)

“ Just fifty days before St. Peter.”

Extract from letter, June 24, 1710.

After, be dull, in the conclusion, read,

— When you are very idle, I hope to hear from you, for at such times you may remember there is in the world such a thing as,

Dear S I R,

Your most faithful

and humble servant,

A POPE.

P. S. Mr. Englesyld always enquires of you, and drinks yours and Mr. Wycherley's health with true country affection. He charges me to give you his most humble service, and hopes the ladies of Drury are no less favourable to you now, than the dames of Paris were formerly.

Extract

Extract from letter August 21, 1710.

After my poetry, in the last line but five, read:

— I fancy you have not many Sir Woolaston Dixey's in Lincolnshire, than whom I have not met with a better bred or better natur'd gentleman, and to whom I beg you will give my most humble service.

Extract from letter October 12, 1710.

After described, in the last line, read.

— but alas!

Fatis agimur, cedite fatis;

“ Which, in our tongue, as I translate is,”

Fate rules us: then to fate give way!

—“ Now, dreadful critick! tell me pray,

“ What have you 'gainst this to say ?”

I am, desiring much to hear from you,

Dear SIR,

Your most affectionate friend,

and faithful servant,

A. POPE.

P. S.

P. S. My Sapho (as you heathenishly christen her) is more properly your Sapho, having been above this half year in town. My service, pray, to the other Sapho, who, 'tis to be hop'd, has not yet cast herself headlong from any of the Leucades about London, altho' her Phaon lately fled from her into Lincolnshire.

*Tu—Leucadia potes esse salubrior unda,
Et forma & meritis tu Phæbus eris.*

“My Pylades! what Juv'nal says, no jest is!”
Scriptus & intergo, nec dum finitus Orestes.

Extract from letter October 28, 1710.

Last line but three in the conclusion (after affairs with Mr. Wycherley) read:

—I beg you, Sir, to pardon my speaking well of myself in this one thing, since I doubt not but Mr. Wycherley speaks ill enough of me to some others.

Though

Though some part of this letter has been transferred to Mr. Walsh, October 22. 1706. on which this seems to be an improvement; and as there is much matter that is omitted in Warburton's, we therefore insert it.

LETTER IV.

Dear Sir,

November 24th, 1710.

TO make use of that freedom and familiarity of style which we have taken up in our correspondence, and which is more properly talking upon paper, than writing; I will tell you without any preface, that I never took Tycho Brache for one of the antients, or in the least an acquaintance of Lucan's; nay 'tis a mercy on this occasion that I do not give you an account of his life and conversation, which perhaps I know a little more of than you imagine; as how he lived some years like an enchanted knight in a certain island, with a tale into the bargain of a king of Denmark's mistress that shall be nameless—But I have compassion on you, and wou'd not for the world you shou'd stay any longer among the *Genii* and *Senidei manes*, you know where; for if once you get so near the moon, Sapho will want your presence in the clouds, and inferior regions, not to mention the great loss Drury-lane will sustain, when Mr. Cromwell is in the milky way. These celestial thoughts put me in mind of the priests you mention, who are a sort of Sortilegi in one sense, because in their lottery there are more blanks than prizes; the adventurers being at best in an uncertainty, whereas the setters up are sure of something. Priests indeed in their character, as they represent God, are sacred; and so are constables as they

they represent the king; but you will own a great many of 'em are very odd fellows, and the devil a bit of likeneness in 'em. Yet I do assure you, I honour the good as much as I detest the bad, and I think, that in condemning these, we praise those. I am so far from esteeming ev'n the worst unworthy of my protection, that I have defended their character (in Congreve's and Vanbrugh's plays) ev'n against their own brethern. And so much for priests in general. Now for Trap in particular, whose translations from Ovid I have not so good an opinion as you; not (I will assure you) on account of any sort of prejudice to him as a priest, but because, I think, he has nothing of the main characteristic of his author, a graceful easiness. For let the sense be never so exactly render'd, unless an author looks like himself in his air, habit, and manner, 'tis a disguise and not a translation. But as to the Psalm, I think David is much more beholding to him than Ovid; and as he treated the Roman like a Jew, so he has made the Jew speak like a Roman.

Your mention in this and your last letter of the defect in numbers of several of our poets, puts me upon communicating a few thoughts, or rather doubts of mine on that head, some of which 'tis likely I may have hinted to you formerly in conversation I but I will here put together all the little niceties I can recollect in the compass of my observation.

(1) As to the Hiatus, it is certainly to be avoided as often as possible; but on the other hand, since the reason of it is only for the sake of the numbers, so if, to avoid it, we incur another fault against their smoothness, methinks the very end of that nicety is destroy'd: as when we say (for instance)

“ But

“ But th’ old have interest ever in the view.”
To avoid the Hiatus, in——

——“ The old have int’reft”——

Does not the ear in this place tell us, that the Hiatus is smother, less constrain’d, and so preferable to the Cæsura?

(2.) I wou’d except against all expletives in verse, as *do* before verbs plural, or ev’n too frequent use of *did* or *does*, to change the termination of the rhyme; all these being against the usual manner of speech, and meer fillers up of unnecessary syllables.

(3.) Monosyllable-lines, unless very artfully managed, are stiff, languishing, and hard.

(4.) The repeating the same rhimes within four or six lines of each other; which tire the ear with too much of the like sound.

(5.) The too frequent use of Alexandrines, which are never graceful but when there is some majesty added to the verse by ’em, or when there cannot be found in ’em, a word but what is absolutely needful.

(6.) Every nice ear, must (I believe) have observed, that in any smooth English verse of ten syllables, there is naturally a pause at the fourth, fifth or sixth syllable; as for example, Waller.

At the fifth.

“ Where-e’er thy navy | spreads her canvas wings,”

At the fourth.

“ Homage to thee | and peace to all she brings.”

At the sixth.

“ Like tracts of leverets | in morning snow.”

At

Now I fancy, that to preserve an exact harmony and variety, none of these pauses shou'd be continu'd above three lines together without the interposition of another; else it will be apt to weary the ear with one continu'd tone; at least it does mine.

(7.) It is not enough that nothing offends the ear that the verse be (as the French call it) *Coulante*; but as a good poet will adapt the very sounds, as well as words, to the things he treats of. So that there is (if one may express it so) a style of sound: As in describing a gliding stream, the numbers shou'd run easy and flowing; in describing a rough torrent or deluge, sonorous and swelling; and so of the rest. This is evident every where in Homer and Virgil, and no where else that I know of to any observable degree. The following examples will make this very plain, which I have taken from Vida:

Molle viam tacito lapsu per levia radit.

Incedit tardo molimine subsidendo.

Lucentes ventos, tempestatesque sonoras

Immenso cum præcipitans ruit oceano nox.

Telum imbelles sine ictu, conjecit.

Tolle moras, cape saxa manu, cape robora, pastor.

Ferte citi flammæ, date tela, repellite pestem.

This I think, is what very few observe in practice, and is undoubtedly of wonderful force in imprinting the image on the reader: we have one excellent example of this in our language, Mr. Dryden's ode on St. Cæcilia's day, entitled, Alexander's feast: or The power of musick.

I ask your pardon for this tedious letter, and expect a long one in answer to these notions concerning the versification. I expect also the voyage of Ovid's mistress with more impatience than Ovid himself cou'd her return. The other journey you speak of (mine to London) must yet be refer'd; but tho' I desire nothing more than to enjoy the happiness of your conversation, yet I have too much conscience to let mine cost any thing but your patience. I am heartily sorry for poor Mr. Wycherley's illness, and 'tis to his being long indispos'd that I partly attribute his chagrin. I wish he may enjoy all the happiness he desires, tho' he has been the occasion of my enjoying much less than I did formerly. I look upon your kindness to me as doubly engaging at this time, and shall never cease to acknowledge it, or to profess my self,

Dear S I R,

Your most real friend, and

most humble servant,

A. POPE.

LETTER V.

Dear S I R,

June 10th, 1711.

I Was extremely concern'd to leave you ill when I parted from the town, and desir'd Mr. Thorold to give me an account of the state of your health by the next coach: he omitted to do it, and I have not been since at Mr. Englesyld's, till yesterday, when I receiv'd the ill news that you continu'd ill, or much as I left you: I hope this is not true, and shall be very uneasy in my fears for your health

HENRY CROMWELL, *Esq*; 27

health till I have a farther account from yourself, which I beg you not to defer. I hope the air of this forest may perfectly recover you, and wish you would to that end try it sooner than the end of the month; if you desire Mr. Thorold, he will at a day's warning take a place for you. My father joins in this request, and Mr. Englesyld is overjoy'd with the hopes of seeing you at his house. When I have your company I cannot but be well, and hope from the knowledge of this, that you can't be very ill in mine. I beg you to believe no man can take a greater interest in your welfare, or be more heartily affected towards you than myself; who am with all the esteem and tenderness of a friend,

Dear S I R,

Your faithful

humble servant,

A. POPE.

LETTER VI.

Dear S I R,

Jan. 25, 1711.

IF my letter pleas'd you. yours overjoy'd me; and I expect impatiently your kind visit: a little room and a little heart are both at your service, and you may be secure of being easy in 'em at least, tho' not happy. For you shall go just your own way, and keep your own hours, which is more than can be done often in places of greater entertainment.—As to your letter of Critical remarks on Dryden's Virgil, I can only say, most of what you observe are true enough, but of no great consequence (in my opinion at least.) Line 250. "And sanctify the shame"—seems to me

D 2

very

very beautiful; and so does—" 'tis doubly to be dead." Line 946. "And bandy'd words still beat about his ears."—This I have thought gross as well as you; I agree with you that the 993d line, "And clos'd her lids at last in endless night"—is contradictory to the sense of Virgil; for so, as you say, Iris might have been spar'd. And in the main 'tis to be confess'd that the translator has been freer with the character of Dido than his modest author would allow. I am just taking horse to see a friend five miles off, that I may have no little visits abroad to interrupt my happiness at home when you are here. So that I can but just assure you, how pleas'd I am in the expectation of it, and how sincerely I shall ever be,

Dear SIR,

Your most oblig'd and

affectionate servant,

A. POPE.

P. S. Pray bring a very considerable number of pint bottles with you; this might seem a strange odd request, if you had not told me you would stay but as many days as you brought bottles; therefore you can't bring too many, tho' we are here no drunkards. 'Tis a fine thing to have a learned quotation for every occasion, and Horace helps me to one now.

— Non ego te meis

Immunem meditor tingere poculis,

Plena dives ut in domo.

Ode 12. l. 4.

And

HENRY CROMWELL, *Esq*; 29

And to another, ep. 5. l. 1.

Hæc ego procurare & idoneus imperor, & non

Inventus; ne turpe toral, ne sordida mappa

Corruget nares—

And once more, sat. 2. l. 2.

—bene erat, non piscibus urbe petitis

Sed pullo atque hædo; tum pensilis uva scundas]

Et nux ornat mensas, cum duplice ficu.

Nil mihi rescribas, attamen ipse veni:

P. S. Mr. Lintot favour'd me with a sight of Mr. Dennis's piece of fine satire * before 'twas publish'd; I desire you to read it, and give me your opinion, in what manner such a critick ought to be answered?

LETTER VII.

Dear SIR,

I Send this only to let you know how much our whole family desire to hear of your safe arrival in London, and the continuance of your health: you have without compliment oblig'd us all so much by your friendly acceptance of so poor an entertainment here, that you cou'd by nothing have oblig'd us more, but by staying longer. But I take so short a visit only as an earnest of a more kind one hereafter; as we just call upon a friend sometimes only to tell him he shall see us again.—All you saw in this country charge me to assure you of their humble service, and the ladies in particular, who looks upon us as but plain country-fellows

D 3

since

* Remarks on the Essay on Criticism.

since they saw you, and heard more civil things in that fortnight, than they expect from the whole shire of us, in an age. The trophy you bore away from one of 'em, in your snuff-box, will doubtless preserve her memory, and be a testimony of your admiration, for ever.

- " As long as Mocha's happy tree shall grow,
- " While berries crackle, or while mills shall go ;
- " While smoking streams from silver spouts shall glide,
- " Or China's earth receive the fable tide ;
- " While Coffee shall to British nymphs be dear ;
- " While fragrant steams the bended head shall chear ;
- " Or grateful bitters shall delight the taste,
- " So long her honour, name, and praise, shall last !"

Pray give my service to all my few friends, and to Mr. Gay in particular. Farewell ; that is, drink strong coffee. *Ingere tibi callices amariores.* I am, with all sincerity,

Dear S I R,

July 15th, 1711.

Your most faithful friend,

and humble servant,

A. POPE.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

Dear S I R,

I Receiv'd your most welcome letter, and am asham'd you shou'd seem to give us thanks, where you ought to assure us of pardon for so ill an entertainment. Your heroick intention of flying to the relief of a distressed lady, was glorious, and noble; such as might be expected from your character, for as Chaucer says (I think)

“ As noblest metals are most soft to melt,

“ So pity soonest runs in gentle minds.”

But what you tell me of her relation's account of the state of her mind, is not to be wonder'd at. 'Tis the easiest way they have to make some seeming excuse for a shameful indolence and neglect of afflicted virtue, to represent it as willing to suffer, and endure the cross. Alas, Sir! these good people of large estates, and little souls, have no mind to ease her, by bearing it off her shoulders by a generous assistance! Our Saviour himself did not refuse to be eas'd of the weight of part of his cross; tho' perhaps Simon of Cyrene might alledge to the Jews that 'twas Christ's desire to bear it all himself; and he, for his part, might be willing to go quietly on his journey without the trouble.—

Be pleas'd to assure Mr. Ballam of my faithful service: I can never enough esteem a zeal so ardent in my concerns, from one I never cou'd any way oblige, or induce to it. 'Tis an effect of the purest, most disinterested strain of natural good-humour in the world. Pray at your leisure return me those papers in my hand which you have, and in Mr. Wycherley's, and favour me as often as you can with your letters, which will ever be the most entertaining things I can receive in your absence.—

All

All those fine persons you mention return you their humble service—The fate of the Berry moves at once my compassion, and envy: it deserves an elegy; but who besides Catullus and Voiture can write agreeably upon trifles? My humble service to the lady in the Clouds, where, if I am once so happy as to be admitted, I will not be put off like Ixion, but lay hold on the real Juno. I am, most seriously,

Dear S I R,

Your most oblig'd

July 24th, 1711.

and most affectionate

servant and friend,

A. POPE.

All that is in *Italic* is left out in Mr. Warburton.

LETTER IX.

Dear S I R,

IF I have not writ to you so soon as I ought, let my writing now atone for the delay; as it will infallibly do, when you know what a sacrifice I make you at this time, and that every moment my eyes are employ'd upon this paper, they are taken off from two of the finest faces in the universe: *for I am at this instant plac'd betwixt two such ladies, that in good faith 'tis all I'm able to do, to keep myself in my skin. He! monsieur Cromwell! Entendez-vous bien?* But indeed 'tis some consolation to me to consider, that while I write this period, I escape some hundred fatal darts from those unerring eyes, and about a thousand deaths, or better. Now you, that delight in-dying, wou'd not once have dreamt of

of an absent friend in these circumstances; you that are so nice an admirer of beauty, or (as a critic wou'd say) "so elegant a spectator of forms; you must have a sober dish of coffee, and a solitary candle at your side, to write an epistle lucubratory to your friend; whereas I can do it as well with two pair of radiant lights, that outshine the golden god of day, and silver goddesses of night, with all the refulgent eyes of the firmament.—You fancy now that Sapho's eyes are a couple of these my tapers, but it is no such matter, Sir; these are eyes that have more persuasion in one glance than all Sapho's oratory and gesture together, let her put her body into what moving postures she pleases. Indeed, indeed, my friend, you cou'd never have found so improper a time to tempt me with interest or ambition: let me but have the reputation of these in my keeping, and, as for my own, let the Devil or let Dennis take it for ever. How gladly wou'd I give all I am worth, that is to say, my Pastorals, for one of their Maidenheads, and my Essay * for the other? I wou'd lay out all my Poetry in Love; an Original for a Lady, and a Translation for a Waiting Maid! And now (since you find what a blessed disposition I am in)

Tell me, by all the melting joys of love,

By the warm transports and entrancing languors,

By the soft fannings of the wafting sheets,

By the dear tremblings of the bed of blifs;

By all these tender adjurations tell me,

—Am I not fit to write a tragedy?

And would not these lines sound admirably in the mouth of Wilks, especially if he humour'd each period with his leg, and stamp'd with just alacrity at the cadences? But alas! what have I to do with Jane Gray,

* On Criticism.

Gray, as long as Miss Molly, Miss Betty, or Miss Patty are in this world? Shall I write of beauties murder'd long ago, when there are those at this instant that murder me? I'll e'en compose my own tragedy, and the poet shall appear in his own person, to move compassion. 'Twill be far more effectual than Bays's entring with a rope about his neck, and the world will own, there never was a more miserable object brought upon the stage.

Now you that are a critic, pray inform me in what manner I may connect the foregoing part of this letter, with that which is to follow, according to the rules? I wou'd willingly return Mr. Gay my thanks for the favour of his poem, and in particular for his kind mention of me; I hop'd, when I heard a new comedy had met with success upon the stage, that it had been his, to which I really wish no less; and (had it been any way in my power) shou'd have been very glad to have contributed to its introduction into the world. His verses to Lintot * have put a whim into my head, which you are like to be troubled with in the opposite page. Take it as you find it, the production of half an hour to other morning. I design very soon to put a task of a more serious nature upon you, in reviewing a piece of mine that may better deserve criticism; and by that time you have done with it, I hope to tell you in person, with how much ardour and fidelity I am,

Dear S I R,

Your ever affectionate friend,

and oblig'd servant,

December 21st, 1711.

A. POPE.

* On a Miscellany of Poems.

Verses

Verſes to be prefixed before BERNARD
LINTOT's New Miscellany.

SOME Colinaeus praiſe, ſome Bleau,
Others account 'em but ſo, ſo;
Some Plantin to the reſt prefer,
And ſome eſteem Old-Elzevir;
Others with Aldus wou'd beſot us;
I, for my part, admire Lintottus——
His character's beyond compare,
Like his own perſon, large and fair——
They print their names in letters ſmall,
But L I N T O T ſtands in capital:
Author, and He, with equal grace,
Appear, and ſtare you in the face——
Stephens prints Heathen Greek, 'tis ſaid,
Which ſome can't conſtrue, ſome can't read;
But all that comes from Lintot's hand
Ev'n Rawlinſon * might underſtand,——
Oft in an Aldus, or a Plantin,
A page is blotted, or leaf wanting;
Of Lintot's books this can't be ſaid,
All fair, and not ſo much as read.——
Their copy coſt 'em not a penny
To Homer, Virgil, or to any,

They

* Thomas Rawlinſon, Eſq;

They ne'er gave sixpence for two lines,
To them, their heirs, or their assigns;
But Lintot is at vast expence,
And pays prodigious dear for sense.—
Their books are, useful but a few,
A scholar, or a wit or two;
Lintot's for gen'ral use are fit,
For, some folks read, but all folks sh—.



LETTERS

OF

Dr. PARNELLE

AND

Mr. POPE,

TO

Mr. GAY:

Dear. GAY,

BINFIELD, May 4, 1714. ←

SINCE by your letter we find you can be content to breathe in smoke, to walk in crouds, and divert yourself with noise, nay and to make fine pictures of this way of life, we should give you up as one abandon'd to a wrong choice of pleasures. We have, however, so much compassion on you, as to think of inviting you to us, where your taste for books, friendship, and ease may be indulg'd. But if you do not come, pray leave to tempt us with your description of the court, for indeed humanity is frail,

E

and

and we cannot but remember some particular honours which we have enjoy'd in conversation; bate us this one point, and we stand you, still untir'd with one another, and fresh to the pleasures of the country. If you wou'd have any news from us, know that we are all well at present: this I am sure wou'd have been allow'd by you as news from either of us a fortnight ago. In return to this, send us every thing you imagine diverting, and pray forget not my commissions. Give my respects to the Dean, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Ford, and the Provost. Dear Gay, adieu.

Your affectionate friend,

and humble servant,

THO. PARNELLE.

Dear Mr. GAY,

ABOVE all other news, send us the best, that of your good health, if you enjoy it; which Mr. Harcourt made us very much fear. If you have any design either to amend your health, or your life, I know no better expedient than to come hither, where you should not want room though I lay myself in a truckle-bed under the Doctor. You might here converse with the old Greeks, be initiated into all their customs, and learn their prayers by heart as we have done: The Doctor, last Sunday, intending to say an Our Father, was got half way in Chryses's prayer to Appollo. The ill effects of contention and squabbling, so lively describ'd in the first Iliad, make Dr. Parnelle and myself continue in the most exemplary union in every thing. We deserve to be worship'd by all the poor, divided, factious, interested poets of this world.

As

As we rise in our speculations daily, we are grown so grave, that we have not condescended to laugh at any of the idle things about us this week: I have contracted a severity of aspect from deep meditation on high subjects, equal to the formidable front of black-brow'd Jupiter, and become an awful nod as well, when I assent to some grave and weighty proposition of the Doctor, or inforce a criticism of my own. In a word, Y—g himself has not acquir'd more tragic majesty in his aspect by reading his own verses, than I by Homer's.

In this state I cannot consent to your publication of that ludicrous trifling burlesque you write about. Dr. Parnelle also joins in my opinion, that it will by no means be well to print it.

Pray give (with the utmost fidelity and esteem) my hearty service to the Dean, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Ford, and to Mr. Fortescue. Let them also know at Button's that I am mindful of them. I am divine Bucoliast!

Thy loving countryman.

Dear S I R,

October 23.

I Have been perpetually troubled with sickness of late, which has made me so melancholly, that the immortality of the soul has been my constant speculation, as the mortality of my body my constant plague. In good earnest, Seneca is nothing to a fit of illness.

Dr. Parnelle will honour Tonson's miscellany with some very beautiful copies, at my request. He enters heartily into our design; I only fear his stay in town may chance to be but short. Dr. Swift much approves what I propos'd, even to the very Title, which I design shall be, *The Works of the Unlearned*,

E

publish'd

40 *Letters of Dr. PARNELLE, &c.*

publish'd monthly, in which whatever book appears that deserves praise, shall be depreciated ironically, and in the same manner that modern critics take to undervalue works of value, and to commend the high productions of Grubstreet.

I shall go into the country about a month hence, and shall then desire to take along with me your poem of the Fan, to consider it at full leisure. I am deeply engag'd in poetry, the particulars whereof shall be deferr'd till we meet.

I am very desirous of seeing Mr. Fortescue when he comes to town, before his Journey; if you can any way acquaint him of my desire, I believe his good nature will contrive a way for our meeting. I am ever, with all sincerity,

Dear SIR,

Yours, &c.

Extract

Extract from Mr. POPE's letter to Mr. ←
GAY, September 11, 1722.

After Mrs. Howard, in the 14th line, read:

—As for Mrs. Blount's (whom you mercifully make mention of) they are gone, or going to Suffex. I hope Mrs. Pultney is the better for the Bath, tho' I have little charity and few good wishes for the ladies, the destroyers of their best friends the men. Pray tell her she has forgot the first commission I ever troubled her with, and therefore it shall be the last (the very thing I fear she desires.) Dr. Arbuthnot is a strange creature; he goes out of town, and leaves his bastards at other folks doors. I have long been so far mistaken in him as to think him a man of morals as well as of politics. Pray let him know I made a very unfashionable enquiry t'other day of the welfare of his wife and family: things that (I presume) are below the consideration of a wit and an Ombre player. They are in perfect health. Tho' Mrs. A—'s navel has been burnt, I hope the Doctor's own belly is in absolute ease and contentment. Now I speak of those regions about the Abdomen, pray, dear Gay, consult with him and Dr. Cheyne, to what exact pitch yours may be suffer'd to swell, not to outgrow theirs, who are, yet, your betters.

Extract from Mr. POPE's fourth letter to
Mr. ADDISON.

Page second, after told me of it, read

—The true reason that Mr. Steele laid down the paper, was a quarrel between him and Jacob Tonson. He stood engaged to his bookseller, in articles of penalty, for all the Guardians; and by desisting two days, and altering the title of the paper to that of the Englishman, was quit of his obligation: These papers being printed by Buckley.

Extract from Mr. POPE to M. CONGREVE.

Apr. 7, 1715,

After Lord Chamberlain, at the conclusion, read:

—They shall survive the conflagration of his father's works, and live after they and he are damped; (for that the B—p of S. already is so, is the opinion of Dr. Sacheverel and the church of Rome.)

I am, &c,

Extract

Extract from Mr. Secretary CRAGGS

Letter to Mr. POPE Sept. 2, 1716.

*After meet with, at the bottom of the second page,
read:*

—— If you'll compleat your favours, pray give
my humble services to Lords W—ck, St—, and
H—y. I have had my hopes and fears they would
have abused me before this time; I am sure it is
not my business to meddle with a nest of bees (I
speak only of the honey.)

Extract from Mr. POPE to the honourable
ROBERT DIGBY, Jan. 2, 1717.

After always, in the last line, read:

—— Whether I live, die, or am damned as a
Poet,

Yours most faithfully.

An additional passage to a letter to
Mr. BLOUNT. Sept 8, 1717.

“ I have been lately reading Jeffery of Mon-
mouth in the translation of a clergyman in my
neigh-

“ neighbourhood. He wanted my help to verify
 “ the prayer of Brutus, made when he was much
 “ in our circumstances *, inquiring in what land
 “ to set up his feat, and worship like his fathers.”

Goddeſs of woods, tremendous in the chace,
 To mountain-wolves and all the ſavage race,
 Wide o'er th' aerial vault extend thy ſway
 And o'er th' infernal regions void of day,
 “ On thy third reign look down;” diſcloſe our
 fate,
 In what new nation ſhall we fix our ſeat?
 When ſhall we next thy hallow'd altars raiſe,
 And choirs of virgins celebrate thy praiſe?

At the end of the letter, after emperor, read;

— I muſt add another Apothegm of the ſame
 noble earl; it was the ſaying of a politick prince
 “ Time and he would get the better of any two
 “ others.” To which Lord Oxford made this
 answer;

“ Time and I 'gainſt any two?

“ Chance and I 'gainſt Time and you.”

* As Papists

Extract

Extract from Mr. POPE to Mr. BLOUNT,
June 27, 1723.

*In the third page, after he is gone, in the sixth line,
read:*

—He carry'd away more learning than is left
in this nation behind him : but he left us more in
the noble example of bearing calamity well. 'Tis
true, we want literature very much ; but pray God
we don't want patience more ! if these precedents
are to prevail.

TO JABEZ HUGHES Esq;

SIR,

I Have read over again your brothers play*, with
more concern and sorrow than I ever felt in the
reading any tragedy.

The real loss of a good man may be call'd a
distress to the world, and ought to affect us more
than any feigned or ancient distress, how finely
drawn soever.

I am

* The Siege of Damascus, written by John Hughes, Esq ;
who died Feb. 17, 1719, the first night of its representation.

I am glad of an occasion to give you, under my hand, this testimony, both how excellent I think this work to be, and how excellent I thought the author.

I am, &c.

A. POPE.

To Mr. LINTOT, Bookfeller.

Mr. LINTOT,

August 4, 1713.

MR. Addison desir'd me to tell you, that he wholly disapproves the manner of treating Mr. Dennis in a little pamphlet by way of Dr. Norris's account *. When he thinks fit to take notice of Mr. Dennis's objections to his writings †, he will do it in a way Mr. Dennis shall have no just reason to complain of. But when the papers above-mentioned were offered to be communicated to him, he said he could not, either in honour or conscience, be privy to such a treatment, and was sorry to hear of it.

I am,

SIR,

Your very humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

Mr.

* Of the frenzy of Mr. John Den——— A narrative written by Mr. Pope. See his letter to Mr. Addison of July 30, 1713.

† Remarks upon Cato.

Mr. POPE's LETTERS.

47

Mr. POPE to Mr. DENNIS.

S I R,

May 3, 1721.

I Called to receive the two books of your letters * from Mr. Congreve, and have left with him the little money I am in your debt. I look upon my self to be much more so, for the "omissions you have been pleased to make in those letters in my favour, and sincerely join with you in the desire, that not the least traces may remain of that difference between us, which indeed *I am sorry for*." You may therefore believe me, without either ceremony or falshenefs,

S I R,

Your most obedient

humble servant,

A. POPE.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

Extract from letter *January 10, 1723.*

After assure you of it, in the second page, tenth line, read:

It is an honest truth, there is no one living or dead of whom I think oftener or better than yourself. I look upon you to be (as to me) in a state between both;

* These books were intituled, Original letters, familiar, moral and critical. - In two volumes 8vo.

both; you have from me, all the passions and good wishes that can attend the living, and all that respect and tender sense of loss that we feel for the dead.

Mr. POPE to Mr. BETHEL.

LETTER

August 9, 1733.

In the second page, line 14, after offend you, read the note:

Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or sea new motions be imprest,
O blameless BETHEL! to relieve thy breast?

A. POPE.

LETTERS



LETTERS

FROM THE

Abbe C--N to *****

At St. OMERS,

LETTER I.

IF obliging expressions, fine wit, and noble sentiments can tempt; you have the most infallible way of compelling your friends to write to you, of any body I know; yet should my ignorance in the modes of writing cause you to esteem me less, I shall repent my having learnt to write.

Your excellent judgment, and the diffidence I justly bear to my own abilities, always put a check to that sincere and honest warmth I am impatient to address you with: but when I reflect on your many friendly indulgencies, and see two kind letters of your's now before me (both unanswer'd) I plunge in ink, lest my silence should be more criminal than impertinence itself. Remember, however, it is in compliance to your request, and no

F

fancied

50 LETTERS *from the Abbe C-N,*

fancied skill of mine, in drawing characters. You are very singular in your enquiry after Mr. * * * * * morals; such questions are very uncommon here.

— *De moribus ultima set*

Quæstio —

Ought I not, my friend, to be cautious in discovering the blemishes and defects in this my native spot, to one so resolutely determined to publish all the truths he knows of it, even the worst, with the sincerity and justice of an unconcern'd historian? Now, methinks, I see you smile, and ask me, What is it you thus endeavour to conceal? Is not the fidelity of your island become a proverb; your policy a jest; your politeness, wantonness and mimicry; your commerce, a combination of protected thieves, the bane of industry and trade? Nor is there any other sign of divinity or liberty remaining with you, except the opening of your churches and the courts of justice; in a word, it is become the characteristic of the English, that they account it less glorious to act wisely, than to defend the doing otherwise. Yes, there is too much truth in your remarks, the remembrance of virtue is almost lost, and if any retain sentiments of honesty and religion, they must be very secret, if they would escape the public laughter. This may be an excuse for the son of your friend; he came green upon the stage, was hurried into the triumph of vice, and bore down by the torrent of corruption, his beauty and comeliness of parts

— *Rara est adeo concordia formæ,*

Atque pudicitia —

were

were no small temptation to engage him with the vain, the gay, and the vicious. They were the prevailing party, in whose society he squander'd an estate dishonourably, and now (I had almost said deservedly) seeks for a servile maintenance from that sink—a court.—His fall occasioned this reflection of mine on beauty, with which I'll conclude.

- “ Beauty doth recommend the bearer to
 “ Our notice ; and works a kind impression
 “ On all spectators, in its own behalf.
 “ But if it bring not matter of more worth,
 “ As wisdom, reason, and the charms of virtue,
 “ It is the worthless owners brand of shame,
 “ And make the stalking idiot more our scorn.”

LETTER II.

S I R,

ALL the books which have been published here, worthy notice, I have constantly sent as you directed : if I have with-held my opinion of their merit, as you complain, it was for many reasons I judged it unnecessary. Why do you so continually attack my vanity, by the compliments you pay my judgment ? But since you seek some particulars of Mr. Pope, whose writings I profess, amongst thousands, to be an admirer of, as I have often intimated ; I will take this occasion to inform you what I know concerning him. Many pieces of his, The essay on criticism ; The rape of the lock ; The essays and dissertations on Homer, have appeared in your parts : and one proof of their excellency, is their being naturalized by persons of very eminent ability and rank.

52 LETTERS *from the Abbe C.-N.*

Other languages * are enrich'd with these and others of his works; yet, would you believe it, he has translated Homer, preserv'd the sublimity, strength, harmony, closeness, and every excellence of that venerable poet, without knowing a syllable of greek †; and with an absolute ignorance of the English. His Essay on criticism, is a smooth repetition of Vida's nonsense. His Pastorals are no pastorals. Nor is he a poet. These things are brayed about our streets. The *Afinorum crepitus*, the din of Grub-street pretenders to poetry, and false critics, have arose to poison our judgments; some say, he is too little to write well; others, that he has only a knack of writing, and these wretches all write themselves, to convince us it is without a knack; cellars are full of their murmurings, where like so many merciless chymists, they violently rack and torture nature to confess some worth she has not in her. Mr. Pope is accounted by those, not his enemies, of over-much borrowing; this you will rather praise than disapprove, when you shall know, that the finest thoughts of the best writers were never made use of by him, till he had improved and made them better. View him in his public character, he is an honour to our nation; the good and wise rejoice that such and so notable a genius is manifested amongst us; he has the satisfaction of not having lived in vain, and has oblig'd the valuable part of mankind, and is beloved by all the learned, good, and wise. View him in private life, there is nothing more amiable and endearing. He is an example of the duty we owe our parents, and the love we ought to bear our friends. There is no truth, if what I tell you is not true; no friendship, if I am not your friend.

LETTER

* They have been translated both into French and Italian.

† See Pope's letter to Addison. January 30, 1713-14.

LETTER III.

S I R,

Forgive me, if I obtrude my advice; think not of publishing as yet. Your works, like fine painting and wine, will ripen into more worth by age; you shall certainly complete the catastrophe. I rejoice you have resisted the temptation offer'd; it would be madness to throw an appearance of partiality on the face of your performance, which you have so bravely avoided in every other part. The devil is black enough in his real character; the truer you can paint him, the more damnably he will appear. I cant but laugh to see what an appearance kings, and ministers (the guardians of kings) make, when they are shewn in history, stripp'd of courtiers and attendants. If in their lives they had few sure friends, after their deaths they shall have fewer. It is then that the glory is taken from their heads, and their pride trampled on. Are they not deceived, my friend, who think by power to bury in oblivion the ill actions they are guilty of; or to keep posterity from the knowledge of their vices? I was the other day at a great man's levee; it made me shudder: he was corpulent and gross of body, and seem'd to me as if fattening for some sacrifice. I then thought a corrupt minister, surrounded by his creatures and mercenaries, like the man, who by unlawful practices had obtained the services of evil spirits, and thinks it noble to be attended on by Fiends, but yet expects in the end, that they will tear him to pieces.

That these letters were written by Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay appears by the compliment paid him in the third letter, for the works of his friend: and the catastrophe of his play, evidently allude to the Beggars Opera.

54 LETTERS from the Abbe C-N, &c.

So the character in the conclusion of the second corresponds with that which Mr. Jacob, (in his letter to Mr. Dennis, Ap. 24, 1729, published by Mr. Dennis in his Remarks on the Dunciad) mentions:—In the lives of the Poets, by Mr. Jacob, vol. II. p. 145, 146, 151, &c. the sentences following are by his authority: “ This excellent poet, [Alexander Pope] whose “ fame exceeds not his merit, was born, &c. There is great “ ease, strength, wit, and judgment, in his compositions; all “ his pieces are universally applauded, and the great Sheffield “ asserted his work. His private character is the best, being “ summ’d up in a good companion and a firm friend. Mr. Pope “ has fire and spirit equal to that great undertaking, his translation of Homer: and he is excellent in prose as well as verse.” &c. That these high praises and commendations of himself were by him particularly approved of, in a printed proof of his life and character, which I transmitted to him for his correction, I am ready to make oath of, if requir’d; and by his alterations and additions therein, he intirely made the compliment his own.

LETTER

L E T T E R
 O F
Mr. P O P E

T O
 Her GRACE the Duchefs of
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE *

MADAM, Twit'nam, Jan. 27, 1720.

I Think myself obliged by your Grace's many condescensions of goodness to me, in particular your informing me by a line of Dr. Ch——'s † State of Health. I am really impatient to hear further of him.

The

* The Duke married to his third wife Catherine, natural daughter to king James II. (by Catherine Sidley, daughter of Sir Charles Sidley, whom he created Countess of Dorchester, and who, upon his abdicating the throne, married the earl of Portmore) he dignified her with the name of the lady Catherine Darnley, gave her the place of a Duke's daughter, and permitted her to bear his arms. She was very young, left a widow by James Earl of Anglesey, from whom she was divorced by the King and both houses of Parliament, for the earl's ill usage to her.

† Chamberlen's

56 *To the Duchess of Buckinghamshire.*

The morning I left the town, I went with Mr. Jervas to Belluchi's *, but parting in haste, I had not his opinion at large; only he assures me, he thinks the figures will not be too small, considering that those which are nearest the eye, are, at least, as large as the life. I can't but be of opinion, that my Lord Duke's and your Grace's, ought to be made portraits, and as like as possible, of which they have yet, no resemblance, there being no picture (as I believe) of the Duke in profile. It might, be well, I fancy, if Belluchi copied the side-face from that busto that stands in the salon.

I beg your Grace's pardon for the freedom with which I write to you: and I ought to ask it, (now I think on't) on another occasion, in which I have used too much freedom: having a great esteem for the famous Bononcini, not only from his great fame, but from a personal knowledge of his character; and this being increased by the ill treatment he has met with here, I ventured, among other persons of the first distinction, who subscribed to me for his compositions, newly engraved, to set down the name of your Grace. When I did this, your Grace was at Bath, and I forgot ever since to tell you of it, 'till now, when the book's † coming out, put me in mind of it.

If you can excuse this fault, I sincerely think I shall not err this way again, 'till such another great
man

* An Italian Painter, who composed the Duke's monument, to which this alludes; whereon are represented the portraiture of his Grace, habited like a Roman general; and at his feet, that of her Grace weeping. On the top of the basis of the column, is seen, in relievo, Time bearing away the four deceased children of the dutchess, whose effigies are represented in profile-bustos, supported by Cupids lamenting.

† His Cantatas.

LETTERS of Mr. POPE, &c. 57

man as Bononcini arises, (for whenever that happens, I doubt not the English will use him as scurvily) but that your Grace needs not apprehend, during our lives. I am, with the sincerest respect,

M A D A M,

Your GRACE's most obliged,

most obedient servant,

A. P O P E.

LETTERS



LETTERS

OF

Mr. POPE to Miss BLOUNT.

On the Death of her Brother.

MADAM,

HAVING no less admiration for your courage and good nature, than sympathy with your grief; I am so highly sensible of both the one and the other, that if I were capable to render you those commendations which were justly due to you, and that comfort whereof you stand in need, I must confess I should be much troubled where to begin; for what obligations can be more equally enforcing, than to render to so eminent a virtue the honour of its merits; and to so violent affliction the comfort it requires? But I am to blame to put a distance between these two things, since charity has so perfectly united them, that the fond assistance you afforded your late Brother, should now prove an extraordinary comfort to you, since God will bestow that on you out of justice, which others obtain out of his indulgence; his infinite goodness being such, as will not suffer, unrewarded, so exemplary an act of tenderness, as what, thro' a contempt of your own life, engaged you in the office of the best and tenderest sister in the world, be-

beyond the limits of all obligations; and by an admirable constancy, made you assur'd amidst a danger that terrifies the most daring. Upon this account I am confident he will preserve you from it *, and will shower on you, as a reward of your virtue, the blessings which are wish'd you, by,

MADAM,

Your, &c.

LETTER II.

MADAM,

I Here send you the elegy, which you have but too often demanded of me; and which heretofore hath indeed been heard by others, but till now, hath not been read by any.

It is my wish, that the same fortune may in this happen to me as hath befallen you; who, after you have for so long time concealed the noblest things in the world, have in the discovery of it, dazzled all those that have seen it. But it is an over-great fondness for my own verses, to wish them that advantage, nor indeed should I wish them better, since they were not made for you: if you think them very ill, you are so much the more oblig'd to me for them, in that knowing it as well as you, yet I have not forborn sending them to you. And, to deal freely with you, a less power than what you have within these few days gained upon me, would not have been sufficient to have prevail'd with me to do it: and, without your command, Madam, they had never known any other place than that of my own

memo-

* The Small Pox.

memory. But it is high time it were delivered of them, to make room for something more delightful; I mean that which Mrs. * * * had the grace to acquaint me with the other day, and which fills it with so much at present, that I doubt whether there be place for any thing else.

I perceive, Madam, that where it was my design to send you a letter of excuse and compliment, I am fallen into one of love; but I wish all the other defects you shall find in it, were as pardonable as that. In the mean time let me assure you, that I have not of a long time been so engaged, and that there are many in the world to whom I would not say so much, even tho' they held a dagger at my throat.

But, since there is no fear of any scandal, you are obliged, Madam, at least in my opinion, to look favourably on those elements of affection, were it but to see, how I should behave myself, if I should fall in love; and, if I were permitted, what might be the consequence of it.

I am,

MADAM, &c.

LETTER

LETTER III.

MADAM,

TH^{O'} my liberality were, as you say, greater than Alexander's, it were more than recompenced by the thanks you have been pleased to return it. Even his ambition, as insatiable as it was, would by so extraordinary a favour, have been limited. He would have valued this honour more highly than the Persian diadem, and he would not have envied Achilles the praises of Homer, might he have yours. In like manner, Madam, considering the reputation you do me, if I envy his, it is not so much that which he hath acquired, as what you have bestowed on him; and he hath received no honours which I do not look upon below my own, unless it be that you do him, when you call him your gallant. Neither his own vanity nor his flatterers have ever advanced any thing so advantageous to him, and the quality of the son of Jupiter Ammon was not so glorious as that. But, if nothing can cure me of the jealousy I have of it, yet, Madam, knowing you as I do, I am confident, if you do him that favour, it is not so much because he is the greatest of mankind, as because it is two thousand years since he was.

However it be, we may see in this the greatness of his fortune, which not able to forsake him so many years after his death, adds to his conquests a person which celebrates them more than the wife and daughter of Darius, and hath infused into him a soul greater than that of the world he hath subdued.

I should fear, by your example to write in too high a stile, but can a man aim at one too high, speaking of you, and Alexander? I beseech you,

G

Madam,

Madam, to assure yourself I have for you the same passion which you have for him, and that the admiration of your virtues shall ever engage me to be,

M A D A M,

Yours, &c.

E E T T E R IV.

M A D A M,

I Could never believe it possible that the receipt of a letter from you should add to my affliction, or that you could have possibly sent me such bad news, as that you could not comfort me at the same time.

I thought my unhappiness at such a point as could not admit of any addition; and that since you were able something to strengthen my patience to endure the absence of your mother and you, there could not be any misfortune which you could not have encouraged me to suffer. But give me leave to tell you, that I have found the contrary in the affliction I have for the death of Mrs. A***, which hath been heavy enough to crush me, and wanted not much to spend the remainder of my patience.

You may easily judge, Madam, what an excessive grief it must needs be to me to have lost a friend so good, so sprightly and so accomplished as she, and one that having always given me so many expressions of her affection, would needs do something when she had not many hours to continue here. But tho' I reflected not on my own concerns, yet could I not but infinitely regret a person by whom you were infinitely beloved; and who,

among

among many particular endowments, had that of knowing you as much as may be, and esteeming you above all things. Yet I must confess, if this disturbance can admit of any remission, it is to reflect on the constancy she expressed, and the fortitude wherewith she hath suffered a thing whereof the name would make her tremble at any time.

I am extremely comforted to understand, that at her death, she had those qualities which only she wanted in her life, and that she so opportunely found courage and resolution. When I consider it seriously, it is somewhat against my conscience to bemoan her, and methinks it speaks an over-interested affection, to be sad because she hath left us to better her condition, and is gone into the other world, ("from whose bourne no traveller returns") to find that quiet she could never meet with in this.

I very heartily entertain the exhortations you give me thereupon, which is often to con over a lesson so profitable and necessary, and to prepare myself for the like one day. I know how to make my advantage of your remonstrance. The miseries we have run thro' all this while is no small preparation for it: there's no better lecture to instruct a man how to die well, than not to take much pleasure in living.

But if it be not impossible for the hopes that fortune proposes to prove effectual; if after so many years, we may presume to expect some few fair days, be pleased to give me leave, Madam, to entertain thoughts more diverting than those of death; and if it be likely that we are shortly to see one another, let me not fall out with my life.

Where you say, "you think me destined to great things," you give so great security of my life, and so happy a presage of the adventures that shall happen to me, that I shall not be sorry for its continuance yet a while. For my part, if destiny doth promise me any thing that is good, I assure you I will do my utmost to get it. I will contribute all I can

64 *Letters to several LADIES.*

thereto, that "your prophecies may be fulfilled." In the mean time, I beseech you to be confident, that of all the favours I can beg of Fortune, what I most passionately desire is, that she would do for you what she ought, and for myself, only afford me the means to acquaint you with the passion which obliges me to be so much,

M A D A M,

Your, &c.

L E T T E R V.

To a Lady in the name of her Brother.

IF you have not a chaste ear and a pure heart, do not peruse this letter; for, as Jeremy Taylor says in his Holy living and dying, the first thing a virgin ought to endeavour, is to be ignorant of the distinction of sexes.

It is in the confidence I have that you are thus innocent, that I endeavour to gratify your curiosity in a point, in which I am sensible none but a brother could do it with decency.

I shall entertain you with the most reigning curiosity in the town; I mean a person who is equally the toast of gentlemen and ladies, and is at present more universally admired than any of either sex. You know how few proficients have a greater genius for monsters, than myself; but I never tasted a monster to that degree I have done this creature. It was not, like other monsters, produced in the desarts of Arabia, nor came from the country of the Great Mogul; but is the production of the joint-endavours of a Kentish parson and his spouse,

who

who intended in the singleness of heart to have begot a christian but of one sex, and providence has sent them one of two.

There are various opinions concerning this creature about town. Mr. Cromwell observes that the age is very licentious, and the present reign very lewd and corrupt, in permitting a Lady *By Authority* (as appears by the printed bills) to expose her personal curiosities for a shilling.

Mr. P— looks upon it as a prodigy portending some great revolution in the state; to strengthen which opinion, he produces the following prophecy of Nostradamus, which he explains politically:

“ When as two sexes join’d in one,
 “ Shall in the realm of Brute be shown;
 “ Then factions shall unite, if I know,
 “ To choose a Prince *Jure Divino*.
 “ This prodigy of common gender
 “ Is neither sex, but a Pretender;
 “ So the Lord shield the Faith’s Defender.”

Mrs. N—— admires what people wonder at so much; and says she is just so herself. The dutchess of S—— is of the same opinion.

Among these various conjectures, that I might be informed of the truth, I took along with me a Physician and a Divine; the one to inspect the state of its body, the other to examine that of its mind. The persons I made choice of were the ingenious Dr. P—— and the reverend Mr. ———. We were no sooner in the room, but the party came to us dress’d in that habit, in which the ladies affect an hermaphroditical imitation of men—— your sharp wit, my dear Sister, will immediately conclude that I mean a riding-habit.

I think it not material to inform you, whether the Doctor, the Divine, or my self look'd first. The Priest, you will maliciously fancy, was in his nature a'most an infidel, and doubted most of this miracle; we therefore propos'd to him to take the surest method of believing, seeing and feeling. He comply'd with both admonitions, and having taken a large pinch of snuff upon it, advis'd us with a nod, that we should by no means regard it as female, but as a male, for by so doing we should be guilty of less sinfulness.

The Doctor upon inspection differ'd from this opinion; he wou'd by no means allow it a miracle, or at most a natural one. He said upon the whole it was a woman; that whatever might give a handle to think otherwise, was a trifle; nothing being more common than for a child to be mark'd with that thing which the mother long'd for.

As for this party's temper of mind, it appears to be a most even disposition, partaking of the good qualities of both sexes; for she is neither so inaccessible as other ladies, or is he so impudent as other gentlemen. Of how obliging and complaisant a turn appears by this; that he tells the ladies he has the inclinations of a gentleman, and that she tells the gentlemen she has the *tendre* of a lady. As a farther proof of this affable disposition, he formerly receiv'd visits of the fair sex in their masques; till an impertinent fellow in a female disguise mingled with a party of ladies, and impudently overheard their improving speculations.

Notwithstanding this, she civilly promised at my request, that my two sisters should be admitted privately, whenever you would do her the honour of your consideration.

How agreeable soever this sight has been to me, I assure you it cannot be so pleasing as the sight of you in town: and whatever you may see in the country, I dare affirm no man or woman can shew you the like.

I there-

I therefore earnestly desire you to make haste to this place; for tho' indeed, like most other brothers, I should be sorry you were married at my expence; yet I would by no means, like them, detain you in the country from your admirers: for you may believe me, no brother in the world ever lov'd a sister as I do you.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R VI.

I Will not describe Bl—— in particular, nor to forestal your expectations before you see it: only take a short account, which, I will hazard my little credit, is no unjust one. I never saw so great a thing with so much littleness in it: I think the architect built it entirely in complaisance to the taste of its owners: for it is the most inhospitable thing imaginable, and the most selfish: it has, like their own hearts, no room for strangers, and no reception for any person of superior quality to themselves. There are but just two apartments, for the master and mistress below; and but two apartments above, (very much inferior to them) in the whole house. When you look upon the outside, you'd think it large enough for a prince; when you see the inside, it is too little for a subject; and has not conveniency to lodge a common family. It is a house of entries and passages; among which there are three vista's thro' the whole, very uselessly handsome. There is what might have been a fine gallery, but spoil'd by two arches towards the end of it, which take away the sight of several of the windows. There are two ordinary stair-cases instead of one great one. The best things, within the house, are the hall, which is indeed noble

ble and well proportioned; and the cellars and offices under-ground, which are the most commodious, and the best contrived of the whole. At the top of the building are several cupola's and little turrets that have but an ill effect, and make the building look at once finical and heavy. What seems of the best taste, is that front towards the gardens, which is not yet loaded with these turrets. The two sides of the building are entirely spoiled by two monstrous bow-windows, which stand just in the middle, instead of doors: and as if it were fatal, that some trifling littleness should every where destroy the grandeur. There are in the chief front two semicircles of a lower structure than the rest, that cut off the angles, and look as if they were purposely designed to hide a loftier and nobler piece of building, the top of which appears above them. In a word, the whole is a most expensive absurdity; and the duke of *Shrewsbury* gave a true character of it, when he said, it was a great Quarry of Stones above Ground.

We paid a visit to the spring, where *Rosamond* bathed herself; on a hill where remains only a piece of a wall of the old palace of *Henry II.* We toasted her shade in the cold water, not without a thought or two, scarce so cold as the liquor we drank it in. I dare not tell you what they were, and so hasten to conclude,

Your, &c.

Upon

Upon the Duke of MARLBOROUGH'S
House at Woodstock.

*Atria longe patent ; sed nec cœnantibus usquàm,
Nec somno locus est ; quàm bene non habites ?*

Mart. Epig.

SEE, Sir, see here's the grand approach,
This way is for his Grace's coach ;
There lies the bridge, and here's the clock,
Observe the lyon and the cock,
The spacious court, the colonade,
And mark how wide the hall is made ?
The chimneys are so well design'd,
They never smoke in any wind.
This gallery's contriv'd for walking,
'The windows to retire and talk in ;
The council-chamber for debate,
And all the rest are rooms of state:

Thanks, Sir, cry'd I, 'tis very fine:
But where d' ye sleep, or where d' ye dine ?
I find by all you have been telling,
That 'tis a house, but not a dwelling.

Extract

Extract from letter XI. To a Lady.

After place, in the last line of the second page, read:

—Mrs.— expects the Pretender at her lodgings by Saturday se'night. She has bought a picture of Madam Maintenon to set her features by, against that time. Three priests of your acquaintance are very positive, by her interest, to be his father-confessor.

Extract from letter XIV. To a Lady.

After several times in her head, the last line but three in the second page, read:

—This day I receiv'd a letter with certain advices where women were to be met with at Oxford. I defy them and all their works: I love no meat but ortolans, and no women but you: tho' indeed that's no proper comparison, but for fat Dutchess's; for to love you, is as if one should wish to eat angels, or to drink cherubim-broth.



P O E M S

O N

Several OCCASIONS.

T O

Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

I.

IN beauty, or wit,
 No mortal as yet
 To question your empire has dar'd ;
 But men of discerning
 Have thought that in learning,
 To yield to a lady was hard.

II.

Impertinent schools,
 With musty dull rules,

Have

72 POEMS on *several Occasions.*

Have reading to females deny'd,
So papists refuse
The Bible to use,
Lest flocks should be wise as their guide.

III.

'Twas a woman at first,
(Indeed she was curst)
In knowledge that tasted delight,
And fages agree,
The laws shou'd decree,
To the first possessor the right.

IV.

Then bravely fair dame,
Resume the old claim,
Which to your whole sex does belong,
And let men receive,
From a second bright Eve,
The knowledge of right and of wrong.

V.

But if the first Eve
Hard doom did receive,
When only one apple had she,
What a punishment new,
Shall be found out for you,
Who tasting, have robb'd the whole tree.

A version of the first Psalm. For the use
of a young Lady.

I.

THE maid is blest that will not hear
Of masquerading tricks,
Nor lends to wanton songs an ear,
Nor sighs for coach and fix.

II.

To please her shall her husband strive
With all his main and might,
And in her love shall exercise
Himself both day and night,

III.

She shall bring forth most pleasant fruit,
He flourish still, and stand,
Even so all things shall prosper well,
That this maid takes in hand.

IV.

No wicked whores shall have such luck
Who follow their own wills,
But purg'd shall be to skin and bone,
With mercury and pills.

H

V. For

V.

For why, the pure and cleanly maids,
 Shall all, good husbands gain;
 But filthy and uncleanly jades
 Shall rot in Drury-lane.

To the ingenious Mr. MOORE, author of
 the celebrated Worm-powder.

HOW much, egregious Moore, are we
 Deceiv'd by shows and forms?
 Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
 All human race are Worms.

Man, is a very Worm by birth,
 Proud reptile*, vile and vain,
 A while he crawls upon the earth,
 Then shrinks to earth again.

That

* Mr. Pope took this hint from Homer,
 O Son of Tydeus, cease! be wise and see
 How vast the difference of the gods and thee;
 Distance immense! between the pow'rs that shine
 Above, eternal, deathless, and divine,
 And mortal man! a wretch of humble birth,
 A short-liv'd reptile in the dust of earth.

See Appollo's speech to Diomedes, Book 15.

That woman is a Worm, we find,
 E'er since our grannum's evil;
 She first convers'd with her own kind,
 The ancient Worm, the devil.

But whether man, or, he, God knows,
 Fœcundified her belly
 With that pure stuff from whence we rose
 The genial vermicelli.

The learn'd themselves we Book-worms name,
 The blockhead is a Slow-worm;
 The nymph, whose tail is all on flame,
 Is aptly term'd a glow-worm.

The fops are painted butter-flies,
 That flutter for a day;
 First from a Worm they took their rise,
 Then in a Worm decay.

The flatterer an ear-wig grows,
 Some Worms suit all conditions;
 Misers are Muck-worms, Silk-worms, Beaus,
 And Death-watches, physicians.

That statesmen have a Worm is seen,
 By all their winding play:
 Their conscience is a Worm within,
 That gnaws them night and day.

76 POEMS on several Occasions.

Ah! Moore! thy skill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would rise,
If thou could'st make the courtier void
The Worm that never dies.

O learned friend of Ab-church-lane,
Who sett'st our entrails free,
Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
Since Worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Thou only canst our fate adjourn,
Some few short years, no more:
Ev'n Button's, wits to Worms shall turn,
Who Maggots were before.

THE TRANSLATOR.

OZELL at Sanger's * call, invok'd his muse,
For who to sing for Sanger cou'd refuse?
His numbers such as Sanger's self might use.
Reviving Perault, murd'ring Boileau, he
Slander'd the antients first, then Wycherley;
Which yet not much that old bard's anger rais'd;
Since those were slander'd most, whom Ozell prais'd.

Nor

* Egbert Sanger served his apprenticeship with Jacob Tonson, and succeeded Bernard Lintot in his shop at the Middle Temple gate, Fleet-street; Lintot printed Ozell's translation of Perault's Characters, and Sanger his translation of Boileau's Lutrin, recommended by Mr. Rowe, anno 1709.

Nor had the gentle satire caus'd complaining,
 Had not sage Rowe pronounc'd it entertaining,
 How great must be the judgment of that writer,
 Who the Plain-dealer damns, and prints the Biter!

ROXANA, or the DRAWING-ROOM.

ROXANA from the court returning late,
 Sigh'd her soft sorrow at St. James's gate:
 Such heavy thoughts lay brooding in her breast;
 Not her own chairmen with more weight oppress:
 They curse the cruel weight they're doom'd to bear;
 She in more gentle sounds express'd her care.

Was it for this, that I these roses wear?
 For this, new-set the jewels for my hair?
 Ah Princess? with what zeal have I pursu'd?
 Almost forgot the duty of a prude.
 This King, I never could attend too soon;
 I miss'd my pray'rs to get me dress'd by noon.
 For thee, ah! what for thee did I resign;
 My passions, pleasures, all that e'er was mine?
 I've sacrific'd both modesty and ease;
 Left operas, and went to filthy plays.
 Double intendres shock'd my tender ear;
 Yet even this, for thee I chuse to bear,

78 *POEMS on several Occasions.*

In glowing youth, when nature bids be gay,
 And ev'ry joy of life before me lay;
 By honour prompted, and by pride restrain'd,
 The pleasures of the young my soul disdain'd.
 Sermons I sought, and with a mien severe,
 Censur'd my neighbours, and said daily pray'r.
 Alas, how chang'd! with this same sermon-mien.
 The filthy What d'ye Call it—I have seen.
 Ah, royal Princess! for whose sake I lost
 The reputation, which so dear had cost:
 I who avoided ev'ry public place,
 When bloom and beauty bid me show my face,
 Now near thee, constant, I each night abide,
 With never-failing duty, by thy side;
 My self and daughters standing in a row,
 To all the foreigners a goodly show.
 Oft had your drawing-room been sadly thin,
 And merchants wives close by your side had been;
 Had I not amply fill'd the empty place,
 And sav'd your highness from the dire disgrace,
 Yet Cockatilla's artifice prevails,
 When all my duty and my merit fails:
 That Cockatilla, whose deluding airs
 Corrupts our virgins, and our youth insnares;
 So sunk her character, and lost her fame,
 Scarce visited, before your highness came;

Yet

Yet for the bed-chamber 'tis she you chuse,
Whilst zeal, and fame, and virtue you refuse:
Ah worthy choice! not one of all your train
Which censures blast not, or dishonours stain.
I know the court, with all its treach'rous wiles,
The false caresses and undoing smiles.
Ah Princess! learn'd in all the courtly arts,
To cheat our hopes, and yet to gain our hearts.

The LOOKING-GLASS.

WITH scornful mien, and various tofs of
air
Fantastick, vain, and insolently fair.
Grandeur intoxicates her giddy brain,
She looks Ambition, and she moves Disdain.
Far other carriage, grac'd her virgin-life,
But charming G—y's lost, in P—y's wife.
Not greater arrogance in him we find,
And this conjunction swells at least her mind:
O could the fire, renown'd in glass, produce
One faithful mirrour for his daughter's use,
Wherein she might her haughty errors trace,
And by reflection learn to mend her face.
The wonted sweetness to her form restore,
Be what she was, and charm mankind once more.

The

The fourth Epistle of the first Book of
HORACE's Epistles.

A modern imitation.

By. A. P. of Twickenham, Esq;

SAY*, St. John, who alone peruse
With candid eye, the mimick muse,
What schemes of politicks, or laws,
In Gallic lands, the patriot draws.
Is then a greater work in hand,
Than all the tomes of Haines's band?
“ Or shoots he folly as it flies?
“ Or catches manners as they rise?”
Or urg'd by unquench'd native heat,
† Does St. John Greenwich sports repeat?
Where (emulous of Chartres' fame)
Ev'n Chartres' self is scarce a name.

‡ To you (th' all-envy'd gift of Heav'n)
Th' indulgent gods, unask'd, have giv'n,
A form compleat in ev'ry part,
And, to enjoy that gift, the art.

What

Ad ALBIUM TIBULLUM.

* *Albi, nostrorum sermonum candide iudex,
Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedana?*
Scribere, quod Cassi Parmensis opuscula vineat?

† *An tacitum silvas inter reptare salubres?*

‡ *Di tibi formam.*

Di tibi divitias dederant, artemque fruendi.

POEMS on several Occasions.

• What could a tender mother's care,
Wish better, to her fav'rite heir,
Than wit, and fame, and lucky hours,
A stock of health, and golden show'rs,
And graceful fluency of speech,
Precepts before unknown to teach?

† Amidst thy various ebbs of fear;
And gleaming hope, and black despair,
Yet, let thy friend this truth impart,
A truth I tell with bleeding heart,
(In justice for your labours past)
‡ That ev'ry day should be your last,
That ev'ry hour you life renew,
Is to your injur'd country due.

If spight of fears, of mercy spight,
My genius still must rail, and write,
Haste to thy Twick'nham's safe retreat,
And mingle with the grumbling great,
There half devoured by spleen, you'll find
The rhyming bubbler of mankind;
There (objects of our mutual hate)
We'll ridicule both church and state.

EPI.

* *Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,
Quam sapere, & fari possit quæ sentiat, & cui
Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abunde,
Non deficiente crumena?*

† *Inter spem, curamque, timores inter & iras.
‡ Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.
Me pinguem, & nitidum bene curata cute vises,
Cum ridere voles Epicuri de grege porcum.*

EPIGRAM.

Engraved on the collar of a dog, which I
gave to his Royal Highness.

I AM his Highness' dog at Kew ;
Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you ?



SOBER



SOBER ADVICE

FROM

HORACE,

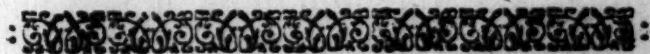
TO THE

YOUNG GENTLEMEN about TOWN.

As delivered in his SECOND SERMON.

IMITATED * in the Manner of Mr. POPP.

Together with the Original Text, as restored by the Reverend *Richard Bentley*, Doctor of Divinity. And some Remarks on the Version.



* [NOTÆ BENTLEIANÆ.] Imitated. Why imitated? Why not translated? *Odi imitatores!* A metaphrast had not turned *Tigellius*, and *Fufidius*, *Malchinus* and *Gargonius* (for I say *Malchinus*, not *Malthinus*, and *Gargonius* not *Gorgonius*) into so many ladies. *Benignus*, *hic*, *bunc*, &c. all of the masculine gender: every school-boy knows more than our Imitator.

THE

SOBER ADVICE

FROM

HORACE

TO THE

YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF THE TOWN

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T O

ALEXANDER POPE Esq*;

SIR,

I Have so great a trust in your indulgence towards me, as to believe you cannot but patronize this *Imitation*, so much in your own manner, and whose birth I may truly say is owing to you †. In that confidence, I would not suppress the criticisms made upon it by the reverend Doctor; the rather, since he has promised to mend the faults in the next edition, with the same goodness he has practised to Milton. I hope you will believe that while I express my regard for you, it is only out of modesty I conceal my name; since, tho' perhaps I may not profess myself your admirer so much as some others, I cannot but be, with as much inward respect, goodwill, and zeal as any man,

Dear SIR,

your most affectionate,

and faithful servant.

* i. e. Alexander Pope, Esq; to himself.

† This assertion proves most true.

ALEXANDER POPE EPI
HORATII FLACCI
 S. IL. L. I.

Textum recensuit V. R. RICHARDUS
 BENTLEYUS, S. T. P.

A Mbubajarum collegia, pharmacopolae,
 Mendici, mimae, balatrones; hoc genus
 omne

Maestum ac sollicitum est cantoris morte tigelli:

Quippe Benignus erat——

——— Contra hic, ne prodigus esse

Dicatur, metuens, inopi dare nolit amico,

Frigus quo duramque famem depellere possit.

Hunc si perconteris, avi cur atque parentis

Praeclaram ingrata stringat malus ingluvie rem,

Omnia conductis coemens obsonia nummis:

“Sordidus, atque animi quod parvi nolit haberi,”

Respondet. Laudatur ab his, culpater ab illis.

Fufidius



SOBER ADVICE

FROM

HORACE.

THE tribe of Templars, Play'rs Apothecaries,
Pimps, Poets, Wits, Lord Fanny's, Lady
Mary's,

And all the court in tears, and half the town,
Lament dear charming Oldfield, dead and gone!
Engaging Oldfield! who with grace and ease,
Could join the Arts, to ruin and to please.

Not so, who of ten thousand gall'd her knight,
Then ask'd ten thousand for a second night;
The gallant too, to whom she pay'd it down,
Liv'd to refuse that mistress half a crown*.

Con. Philips cries, "A sneaking dog I hate,"
That's all three lovers have for their estate!
"Treat on, treat on," is her eternal note,
And lands and tenements go down her throat,
Some damn the jade, and some the cullies blame,
But not Sir H——t, for he does the same.

With
* This is a piece of travelling scandal, related of the late
Duchess of C——d., and the late Duke of M——h.

E. C.

88 Sober Advice *from* Horace.

Fufidius vappae famam timet ac nebulonis,
 Dives agris, dives positis in fenore nummis.
 Quinas hac capiti mercedes exsecat; atque
 Quanto predictior quisque est, tanto acrius urguet.
 Nomina sectatur, modo sumpta veste virili
 Sub patribus duris, tironum. Maxime, quis non,
 Iuppiter, exclamat, simul atque audivit? "At in se
 "Pro quaestu sumptum facit hic." Vix credere possis
 Quam sibi non sit amicus: ita ut Pater ille, Tirenti
 Fabula quem miserum gnato vixisse fugato
 Inducit, non se pejus cruciayerit atque hic.

Si quis nunc quaerat, Quo res haec pertinet? Illuc:
 "Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt;"
 Malchinus tunicis demissis ambulat: est qui
 Inguen ad obscaenum sub ductis usque facetus:
 Pastillos Rufillus olet, Gargonius hircum.
 Nil medium est. Sunt qui nolint tetigisse, nisi illas,
 Quarum subfuta talos tegat instita veste:
 Contra alius nullam, nisi olente in fornice stantem.

Quidam notus homo cum exiret fornice; "Maeste
 "Virtute esto, inquit, sententia dia Catonis,

"Nam

With all a woman's virtues but the pox,
 Fufidia thrives in money, land, and stocks :
 For int'rest, Ten *per cent*, her constant rate is ;
 Her body ! hopeful heirs may have it *gratis*.
 She turns her very sister to a Job,
 And, in the happy minute, picks your fob :
 Yet starves herself, so little her own friend,
 And thirsts and hungers only at one end :
 A self-tormentor, worse than (in the * Play)
 The wretch, whose av'rice drove his son away.

But why all this ? Beloved, 'tis my theme :
 " Women and fools are always in extreme."
 Rufa's at either end a common-shoar,
 Sweet Moll and Jack are civet-cat and boar :
 Nothing in nature is so lewd as Peg,
 Yet, for the world, she would not shew her leg !
 While bashful Jenny, ev'n at morning-prayer,
 † Spreads her fore-buttocks to the navel bare :
 But diff'rent taste in diff'rent men prevails,
 And one is fir'd by heads, and one by tails ;
 Some feel no flames but at the court or ball,
 And others hunt white aprons in the Mall.

My lord of L—n, chancing to remark
 A noted Dean much busy'd in the Park,
 " Proceed (he cry'd) proceed, my reverend brother,
 " 'Tis *fornicatio simplex*, and no other.

I 3

" Better

* See my Terence, Heautontimorumenos: there is nothing
 in Dr. Hare's.

BENTLEY

† A verse taken from Mr. Pope: of which, Mr. Pope is
 fond, that he has made use of it no less than three times. E.

90 Sober Advice from Horace.

" Nam simul ac venas inflavit tetra libido,
 " Huc juvenes aequum est descendere, non alienas
 " Permolere uxores. ———"

Nolim laudari, inquit,

Sic me, mirator CUNNICUPIENNIUS ALBI*.

Audire est operae pretium, procedere recte

Qui moechos non voltis, ut omni parte laborent;

Utque illis multo corrupta dolore voluptas,

Atque haec rara, cadat dura inter saepe pericla.

Hic se praecipitem testo dedit, ille flagellis

Ad mortem caesus: fugiens hic decideret acrem

Praeonum in turbam: dedit hic pro corpore nummos:

Hunc permixerunt calones; quin etiam illud

Accidit, ut † cuidam TESTIS, CAUDAMQUE

SALACEM

Demeterent ferro. Jure omnes. Galba negabat.

Tutior at quanto merx est in classe secunda!

Libertinarum dico: Sallustius in qua

Non minus infanit, quam qui moechatur. At hic si,

Qua

* CUNNICUPIENNIUS ALBI, Hoary Shrine. "Here the
 " Imitator grievously errs. *Cunnius albus* by no means signifying a
 " white or grey thing, but a thing under a white or grey garment,
 " which thing may be either black, brown, red, or party-colour'd. BENT. † TESTIS CAUDAMQUE SALACEM
 Demeterent ferro" (for so I say, and not *demeteret ferrum*) bleeds
 " in person. Silly! Was he let blood by a Surgeon? How short is
 " this of the amputation of the *testes* and *cauda salax*? What ig-
 " norance also of ancient learning appears in his shallow transla-
 " tion of *permixerunt*, totally missing the mark, and not enter-
 " ing into the deep meaning of the author."

" Better than lust for boys, with Pope and Turk,

" Or others spouses, like * my Lord of —"

May no such praise (cries J——s), e'er be mine,
J——s, who bows at Hi—b—w's hoary shrine.

All you, who think the City ne'er can thrive,
'Till ev'ry cuckold maker's flead alive;

Attend, while I their miseries explain,

And pity men of pleasure still in pain!

Survey the pangs they bear, the risques they run,

Where the most lucky are but last undone.

See wretched Monsieur flies to save his throat,

And quits his mistress, money, ring, and note!

K—— of his footman's borrow'd livery stript,

By worthier footmen pist upon and whipt!

Plunder'd by thieves, or lawyers, which is worse,

One bleeds in person, and one bleeds in purse;

This meets a blanket, and that meets a cudgel—

And all applaud the justice—All, but † Budgell.

How much more safe, dear countrymen! his state,

Who trades in frigates of the second rate?

And yet some care of S—t should be had,

Nothing so mean for which he can't run mad;

His

* Others read Lord Mayor ||. || Cork would have stop't this hole. E. C.

† A gentleman as celebrated for his gallantries as his politics; an entertaining history of which may be published, without the least scandal on the Ladies. E. CURT ||.

‡ This opinion I agree to as true, but that this note was mine, is false. E. C.

Qua res, qua ratio suaderet, quaque modeste
 Munifico esse licet, vellet bonus atque benignus
 Esse; daret quantum satis esset, nec sibi damno
 Dedecorique foret. Verum hoc se amplectitur uno,
 Hoc amat & laudat: Matronam nullam ego tango.

Ut quondam Marſaeus amator Originis, ille
 Qui patrium mimae donat fundumque laremque,
 Nil fuerit mi, inquit, cum uxoribus unquam alienis.
 Verum est cum mimis, est cum meretricibus unde:
 Fama malum gravius, quam res, trahit. An tibi a-
 bunde

Personam satis est, non illud, quicquid ubique:
 Officit, evitare? bonam perdere famam.

Rem patris oblimare, malum est ubicumque. Quid
 inter

Est in matrona, ancilla, peccesna togata?

Villius in Fausta Sullae gener, hoc miser uno
 Nomine deceptus, poenas dedit usque, superque
 Quam satis est; pugnis caesus, ferroque petitus,
 Exclusus fore, cum Longareus foret intus.

Huic si mutonis verbis, mala tanta videnti
 Diceret

His wit confirms him but a slave the more,
 And makes a princes whom he found a whore.
 The youth might save much trouble and expence,
 Were he a dupe of only common sense.
 But here's his point; a wench (he cries) for me!
 "I never touch a dame of quality."

To P—l—r's bed no actress comes amiss,
 He courts the whole *personæ dramatis*:
 He too can say, "With wives I never fin."
 But singing-girls and mimicks drawn him in.
 Sure worthy Sir, the difference is not great,
 With whom you lose your credit and estate?
 This, or that person, what avails to shun?
 What's wrong is wrong, where-ever it be done:
 The ease, support, and lustre of your life,
 Destroy'd alike with strumpets, maid, or wife.

What push'd poor E—s on th' imperial whore?
 'Twas but to be where CHARLES had been before.
 The fatal steel unjustly was applied,
 When not his lust offended, but his pride:
 Too hard a penance for defeated sin,
 Himself shut out, and Jacob Hall * let in.

Suppose that honest part that rules us all,
 Should rise, and say — "Sir Robert! or Sir Paul?
 "Did I demand, in my most vig'rous hour,
 "A thing descended from the conqueror?
 "Or when my pulse beat highest ask for any
 "Such nicety as Lady or Lord Fanny? —

What

* A famous Rope-dancer.

94 Sober Advice from Horace.

Diceret haec animus : Quid vis tibi ? numquid ego a te
Magno prognatum deposco consule * CUNNUM,
Velatumque stola, mea cum conferbuit ira ?

Quid responderet ? Magno patre nata puella est.

At quanto meliora monet, pugnantiaque istis
Divis opis natura suae ! ut si modo recte

Dispensare velis, ac non fugienda petendis

Inmiscere.

—Tuo vitio, rerumne labores,

Nil referre putas ? quare, non poeniteat te,

Define matronas sectarier : unde laboris

Plus haurire, mali est, quam ex re decerpere fructus.

Nec magis huic, inter niveos viridisque lapillos
Sit licet, o Cerinthe, tuo tenerum est semur aut crus
Rectius : atque etiam melius persaepe togatae est.

Adde huc, quod mercem sine fucis gestat ; aperte
Quod venale habet, ostendit ; neque si quid honesti est
Jactat habetque palam, quaerit ; quo turpia celet.

Regibus hic mos est, ubi equos mercantur opertos
Inspiciunt ; ne si facies, ut saepe, decora

Molli

* *Magno prognatum deposeo consule Cunnum.*

" A thing descended from the Conqueror.

" A thing descended—why *thing* ? the poet has it *Cunnum* ;
which therefore boldly place here.

BENT.

What would you answer? could you have the face,
 When the poor sufferer humbly mourn'd his case,
 To cry, "You weep the Favours of her * GRACE?"

Hath not indulgent Nature spread a feast,
 † And giv'n enough for man, enough for beast?
 But man corrupt, perverse in all his ways,
 In search of Vanities from Nature strays:
 Yea, tho' the blessing's more than he can use,
 Shuns the permitted, the forbid pursues!
 Weigh well the cause from whence these evils spring,
 'Tis in thyself, and not in God's good thing:
 Then, lest repentance punish such a life,
 Never, ah! never! kiss thy neighbour's wife.

First, filks and diamonds veil no finer shape,
 Or plumper thigh, than lurk in humble crape:
 And secondly, how innocent a Belle
 Is she who shews what ware she has to sell;
 Not lady-like, displays a milk-white breast,
 And hides in sacred sluttishness the rest.

Our ancient Kings (and sure those kings were
 wise,
 Who judg'd themselves, and saw with their own
 eyes)

A war-

* Spoken not of one particular dutches, but of diverse dutches.

* The original manuscript has it,

— "Spread a Feast

"Of — enough for man, enough for beast:"
 but we prefer the present, as the purer diction.

Molli fulta pede est; emtorem ducat hiantem,
 Quod gulchrae clunes, breve quod caput, ardua corvix,
 Hoc illi recte. Tu corporis optima Lyncei
 Contemplare oculis; Hypsaea caecior, illa
 Quae mala sunt, spectas. O crus, O brachia! verum
 Depugis, nasuta, brevi latere, ac pede longo est.

Matronae, praeter faciem, nil cernere possis;
 Caetera, ni Catia est, demissa veste tegentis.

Si interdicta petes, vallo circumdata, (nam te
 Hoc facit insanum) multa tibi tum officient res;

Custodes, lectica, ciniflones, parasitae;

Ad talos stola demissa, & circumdata palla:

Plurima, quae invident pure adparere tibi rem.

Altera nil obstat: Cois tibi pene videre est

Ut nudam; ne crure malo, ne sit pede turpi:

Metiri possis oculo latus, an tibi mavis

Infidias fieri, pretiumque avellier, ante

Quam mercem ostendi?

A war-horse never for the service chose,
But ey'd him round, and stript of all the cloaths;
For well they knew, proud trappings serve to hide
A heavy chest, thick neck, or heavy side,
But fools are ready chaps, agog to buy,
Let but a comely fore-hand strike the eye:
No eagle sharper, every charm to find,
To all defects, 'Ty ———y not so blind:
Goose-rump'd, hawk-nos'd, swan-footed, is my dear:
They'll praise her elbow, heel, or tip o' th' ear.

A lady's face is all you see undress'd;
(For none but Lady M ——— show'd the rest)
But if to charms more latent you pretend,
What lines encompass, and what works defend!
Dangers on dangers! obstacles by dozens!
Spies, guardians, guests, old women, aunts, and
cozens *!

Could you directly to her person go,
Stays will obstruct above, and hoops below,
And if the dame says yes, the dress says no.
Not thus at Needham's †; your judicious eye
May measure there the breast, the hip, the thigh!
And will you run to perils, sword, and law,
All for a thing you ne'er so much as saw?

K

"The

* There is a famous Stay-maker of this name, which stiffens the *double entendre* here meant. E. C.

† A *quondam* bawd of high renown,

"In whose apartments P ——— has oft been seen,

"Patting fore-buttocks, to divert the spleen."

— LEPOREM venator ut alta

In nive sectetur, positum sic tangere nolit:

Cantat, & adponit MEUS est amor huic similis; nam

Transvolat in medio posita, & fugientia captat.

Hiscine versiculis speras tibi posse dolores,

Atque aestus, curasque gravis e pectore tolli?

Nonne, cupidinibus statuat natura modum quem,

Quid latura, sibi quid sit dolutura negatum,

Quaerere plus prodest; & inane abscindere soldo?

Num, tibi cum faucis urit sitis aurea quaeris;

Pocula? num esuriens fastidis omnia praeter

• Pavonem rhombumque? tument tibi cum ingui-

na, num, si

Ancilla aut verna est praesto puer, impetus in quem

Continuo fiat, malis centigine rumpi?

Non ego: namque "parabilem amo venerem, faci-

lemque."

ILLAM,

- PAVONEM, Pea-chicks] "Not ill render'd, meaning a *young*
 " or *soft piece*, anglice a *tid-bit*: such as that delicate youth
 " Cerinthus, whose flesh, our Horace expressly says, was as
 " tender as a *Lady's*, and our Imitator turn'd
 Such Nicety, as Lady or Lord F —
 " not amiss truly; it agrees with my own reading of *two*
 " *femore*, instead of *tuum femur*, and savours of the true taste
 " of antiquity."

" The hare once suiz'd, the hunter heeds no more
 " The little scut he so pursu'd before,
 " Love follows flying game (as Sucklyn sings)
 " And tis for that the wanton boy has wings."
 Why let him sing—but when you're in the wrong.
 Think you to cure the mischief with a song?
 Has nature set no bounds to wild desire?
 No sense to guide, no reason to enquire,
 What solid happiness, what empty pride?
 And what is best indulg'd, or best deny'd?
 If neither gems adorn, nor silver tip
 The flowing bowl, will you not wet your lip?
 When sharp with hunger, scorn you to be fed,
 Except on Pea-Chicks, at the Bedford-head *
 Or when a tight, neat girl, will serve the turn,
 In errant pride continue stiff, and burn?
 I'm a plain man, whose maxim is profess,
 " The thing at hand is of all things the best."
 But her who will, and then will not comply,
 Whose word is If, Perhaps, and By-and-by,
 Z—ds? let some Eunuch or Platonic take—
 So B——t cries, philosopher and rake!
 Who asks no more (right reasonable peer)
 Than not to wait too long, nor pay too dear,
 Give me a willing nymph! 'tis all I care,
 Extremely clean, and tolerably fair,
 Her shape her own, whatever shape she have,
 And just that white and red which nature gave.

K 2

Her

* A noted tavern for eating, drinking, and gaming, in Southampton-street, Covent-garden.

100 Sober Advice *from* Horace.

ILLAM, post paulo, sed plaris si exierit vir,
 Gallis : hanc philodemus ait sibi, quæ neque magno
 Stet pretio ; nec cunctetur, cum est iussa venire.
 Candida rectaque sit ; munda hæctenus, ut neque
 longa,
 Nee magis alba velit, quam det natura, videri.
 Hæc, ubi supposit dextro corpus mihi lævum,
 Ilia & Egeria est : do nomen quodlibet illi.
 Nec vereor, ne, dum futuo, vir rure recurrat ;
 Janua frangatur ; latret canis ; undique magno
 Pulsa domus strepitu resonet : ne pallida lecto
 Desiliat mulier ; miseram se conscia clamet ;
 Cruribus hæc metuat, doti hæc deprensa, egomet
 mi.
 Discincta tunica fugienda est, ac pede nudo ;
 Ne nummi pereant, aut puga, aut denique fama,
 Deprendi miserum est : Fabio vel iudice vincam.

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 Ladies

Her I transported touch, transported view,
 And call her Angel! Goddess! M——ue!
 No furious husband thunders at the door;
 No barking dog no household in a roar;
 From gleaming swords no shrieking women run;
 No wretched wife cries out, Undone! Undone!
 Seiz'd in the fact, and in her cuckold's pow'r,
 She kneels, she weeps, and worse! resigns her dow'r.
 Me, naked me, to posts, to pumps they draw,
 To shame eternal, or eternal law.
 Oh love! be deep tranquillity my luck * t
 No mistress H——y——m near, no Lady B——ck!
 For, to be taken, is the dev'l in hell;
 This truth, let L——l, J——ys, O——w tell.

* Here the Imitator errs. The Latin has it *dum futuro*, a most necessary circumstance! which ought to be restored; and may, by the change of a single word, be the same with that of the author, and one which wou'd marvelously agree with the Ladies in the second line. B E N T.



THE

THREE GENTLE SHEPHERDS.

OF gentle Philips will I ever sing,
 With gentle Philips shall the vallies ring;
 My numbers too for ever will I vary,
 With gentle Budgell, and with gentle Carey.
 Or if in ranging of the names I judge ill,
 With gentle Carey and with gentle Budgell.
 Oh! may all gentle Bards together place ye,
 Men of good hearts, and men of delicacy.
 May Satire ne'er befool ye, or beknave ye,
 And from all wits that have a knack Gad save ye.

A N

AN
ESSAY
ON
HUMAN LIFE:

— *Sapientia prima est* '
Stultitia caruisse —

HOR.

MA

ESSAY

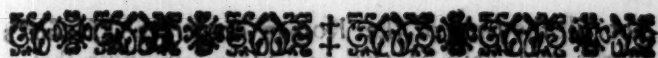
NO

HUMAN LIFE

By the author of "The Human Mind"

London: Printed by J. B. Nichols, 1841.

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THE P R E F A C E.

OF all kinds of poetry the didascalical is the most valuable, if aiming at the good of mankind be what justly entitles any thing to that character. The descriptive kind is like a fine landskip, where you meet with two or three principal figures; the rest is all rocks, rivulets, hanging woods and verdant lawns, amusing to the eye, shewing the taste of the painter, but carrying little instruction along with it. But the Didascalical is like a curious piece of history-painting, where every figure must be highly wrought, every passion strongly represented, all contributing in their several degrees to express the main design; in short, it must be a finished piece.

That this is a very difficult work may be collected from the small number of those poets who have ever attempted it. In the early ages of the Grecians, I remember none who have wrote any thing in this way but old Hesiod, Aratus, and Nicander; for Dionysius, the Periegetic, and * Oppian liv'd not

* Agesi-laus, Oppian's father, was a man of great learning and merit as well as wealth and power, in the city of Arazarbus in Cilicia, where he liv'd: Severus making a progress, came to that town, and Agesi-laus being not at the procession to meet the emperor at his entrance, probably on account of his age and infirmities, that prince, to punish him for so heinous a crime, banish'd the poor old man to Malta. Oppian to amuse his father under his misfortune, took to writing of poetry, and afterwards dedicated his Halieutics to the emperor's son. The emperor was so pleas'd with the poem, that he ordered him a piece of gold for each line, and offer'd him any other favour he would ask. The first part of the story is not at all wonderful, but I must confess the last part part is a little surprizing.

not 'till the time of the Roman emperors. Hesiod's works and days is the only piece remaining that is allow'd to be genuine without dispute; but by Virgil's, and especially Manilius's compliments to him, 'tis highly probable he wrote others, and perhaps more valuable ones, tho' Quintilian allows him the *Palma in illo medio genere dicendi* only, and Le Fevre is much more hard upon him when he makes him little better than an almanack-maker, and his work a mean performance. Paterculus and Plutarch set him next to Homer, as well in the value of his words, as in the period of his age, says Mr. Kennet; but perhaps that may be the other extreme. Aratus wrote a poem, in two books which he calls the *Phænomena*, and *Diosemeia*, the one astronomical, giving an account of the situation and the affection of the heavenly bodies. the other astrological, shewing the particular influence arising from their various dispositions and relations *. Tully commends him for his versification, and Quintilian says, he has fully answer'd his argument, which put together should make up a pretty good character. As to Nicander, Vossius places him amongst his Greek historians, but allows him to have been *egregius grammaticus, poeta, & medicus*. His surviving works are, however only poetry upon poisons, and the methods of cure for them. Of the two latter Greek poets, Dionysius and Oppian, the one wrote a survey of the world, and the other *Cynegetics* and *Halieutics*, in both which 'tis certain there are very fine parts, however judgments may differ about them.

Amongst the Romans, Lucretius and Manilius may justly be said to be the chief of the Didascalick poets. They both wrote with all the fire of their youth about 'em; for neither of them liv'd to be old. I have always fancy'd Manilius imitated Lucretius in his manner, the beginning of his books being pretty much in the same way, besides, that

* Kennet's lives of the Greek poets.

he looses no occasion of launching out into descriptions, and is florid to a fault. He has likewise some reflections * on the follies of men, so very much of a piece with what you meet with in the 5th book of Lucretius, that one would almost think them taken from thence. In general it may be said, they are both very noble poems, tho' that of Manilius is far from being finish'd, as it might have been, if the author had liv'd. What errors are to be found in the philosophy of the one, and the astronomy of the other, are owing, perhaps, as much to the age of the world at that time, as their own, and their beauties may, in some measure, atone for their faults.

Virgil's Georgics are in the same kind, tho' the subjects are of less dignity; and I don't know whether I might not likewise add Ovid, on the account of his Fasti, the most correct of all his works: Gratius too, about the same time, wrote his Cynegetics, which are very justly esteem'd.

Amongst the moderns, Fracastorius's *Syphilis*, Qui let's *Callistadia*, and Vida's Art of poetry, are the best poems of this sort; Rapin of gardens, and Vanier's *Prædium Rusticum*, are not without their merit, but much inferior to the others. In our own language too we have some poems of this instructive kind: The Essays on Poetry, Translated Verse, and Criticism, are fine instances of the worth and excellency of this manner of writing, to which may be very truly apply'd what Dr. Young says of satyr,

Heroes and gods make other poems fine,

Plain satyr calls for sense in every line†.

The strength of just observations convey'd in smooth and flowing numbers, has a prevailing influence, insinuates itself into the mind almost imperceptibly.

* The beginning of the fourth book.

† Universal passion, Sat. II.

perceptibly, and makes a more lasting impression there than one would easily imagine. 'Tis true these subjects are purely critical, and so of less consequence to mankind in general; but yet, polishing the understanding, improving the judgment, and regulating the taste, are far from being things indifferent to the world, since they tend not a little to the shaming out of it, that rusticity and barbarism, those follies and affectations, in one word all that littleness of mind which is so effectual a bar in the way of generous and noble undertakings. But we have had of late an undeniable proof that the finest and most useful sort of philosophy, which consists in the knowledge of ourselves, may be convey'd in such clear, strong, easy, and affecting strains, at the same time convincing and captivating the understanding, that there remains no doubt but that poetry in the hands of a great genius may be made as beneficial as ever it has been entertaining to mankind. The latter effect is indeed what has been generally most aim'd at, as it is compass'd with less difficulty to the writer, and meets with a more universal reception amongst the common sort of readers. † Imagery, fine colouring, and bright antitheses often disguise the want of justness and force, and by pleasing the imagination, do, as it were, steal away from the judgment, or sometimes impose upon it, as shadows pass for substances with weak, distemper'd or fanciful men.

The *Os magna sonaturum* of Horace would make one almost think the muse must never appear without her buskins, and that all simplicity of expression were to be totally banish'd out of poetical writings. 'Tis true the Epic Poem, the Ode, and the Tragedy very often require, and consequently justify the use of elevated language, as it may be more suitable to the greatness of the subjects, and better fitted to raise the

several

† ——— *Nec in turbam nec turba carmina condam.*

Manil. L. II.

several passions they are design'd to work upon. But where the appeal lies only to the understanding, self-evident truths, naturally and beautifully express'd, can never fail of the approbation of a sound head and a good taste: And even Horace himself, as elevated and great a poet as he must be allow'd in his *Odes*, appears to much more advantage in his *Sermones* and *Epistles*, where, as my Lord Roscommon observes on another occasion,

Fancy labours less, but judgment more.

Sir John Denham's *Cooper's Hill* has met with universal applause, tho' its subject seems rather descriptive than instructing; but 'tis not the hill, the river, nor the stag chase, 'tis the good sense and the fine reflection so frequently interspers'd, and as it were interwoven with the rest, that gives it the value, and will make it, as was said of true wit, everlasting like the sun.

The late Mr. Prior's *Solomon* seems to have cost him much time and pains, and was, I believe, his favourite performance: He is in some doubt whether to call it a Didascalical or Heroic poem. It has indeed something of both, and yet strictly speaking, is perfectly neither: It has not fable, machinery nor variety enough to be an Heroic poem, and it is too diffusive and luxuriant in the style, too florid and full of descriptions to be of the Didascalical sort. In general it may be justly said to be a very fine piece; ~~tho'~~ I must confess I cannot help giving the preference to his *Alma*, in which the design is more closely pursued, carried on with more spirit, and never loses your attention.

Upon the whole, what Mr. Dryden has said in the preface to his *Religio laici*, is, I think, very true.

“ The expressions of a poem, design'd purely for instruction, ought to be plain and natural, and yet majestic: For here the poet is presum'd to be a kind of lawgiver, and those three qualities which

L

“ I have

"I have nam'd are proper to the legislative style:
 "The florid, elevated and figurative way, is for the
 "passions; for love and hatred, fear and anger are
 "begotten in the soul by shewing their objects out of
 "their true proportion; either greater than the life
 "or less; but instruction is to be given by shewing
 "them what they naturally are. A man is to be
 "cheated into passion, but to be reason'd into truth."

The following short piece may be perhaps a little
 too pompously introduc'd by the foregoing observati-
 ons; all I shall say for it is, I endeavour'd to follow
 Mr. Dryden's rules: how far I have succeeded, I can
 be no proper judge myself. But whatever may be
 said of the poetry, and about that, I am very indif-
 ferent; the sentiments must surely be allow'd to be
 just and good; and I am intirely of Mr. Prior's opi-
 nion: "I had rather be thought a good Englishman,
 (which is but another word for an honest man)
 "than the best poet or greatest scholar that ever
 wrote."

A N



AN
ESSAY
ON
HUMAN LIFE.

PLeasure but cheats us with an empty name,
Still seems to vary, yet is still the same;
Amusement's all its utmost skill can boast,
By use it lessens, and in thought is lost.
The youth that riots and the age that hoards,
Folly that sacrifices things to words;
Pride, wit and beauty in one taste agree,
'Tis sensual, or 'tis mental luxury.
Sad state of nature, doom'd to fruitless pain,
Something to wish and want, but never gain:
Restless we live, and disappointed die,
Unhappy, tho' we know not how nor why.

Reason, perhaps may lend her gen'rous aid;
Reason, which never yet her trust betray'd:

Let her direct us in the doubtful strife.

Let her conduct us through the maze of life.

Is human reason then from weakness free?

Partakes she not of our infirmity?

Can she apply, with never-failing art,

The healing balsam to the wounded part?

Correct those errors, which the passions cause,

And teach the will to follow wisdom's laws?

Alas! experience but too plainly shews,

That man can act against the truths he knows:

By customs led, or by allurements won,

Discern that evil which he cannot shun.

Whate'er we do, the motive's much the same,

'Tis impulse governs under reasons name;

Each eagerly some fav'rite end pursues,

And different tempers furnish different views.

Is it for fear of wrong or love of right,

The statesmen labours or that warriors fight?

T'enrich his country, does the sailor brave

The cruel pirate, and the threat'ning wave?

In search of truth, unwearied sages try,

By certain rules, to fix uncertainty?

No! 'tis desire and hope that drive them on:

Thus greatest things for meanest ends are done.

Self-

Self-love, howe'er disguis'd, misunderstood,
Howe'er misplac'd, is still the sov'reign good:
Virtue or wisdom but the vain pretence,
These may direct, but passions influence.

Presumptuous man! why boasts thou thy free-will,
By constitution doom'd to good or ill?
What feeble checks are all those studied rules,
Unpractis'd lessons of the useless schools?
Say, can thy art, oppos'd to nature's force,
Obstruct her motions, or suspend her course?
Go, change in Africa their sable hue,
Or make our Europe bring her negroes too;
Roll back the tides, forbid the streams to flow,
Nor let this earth returning seasons know.
Slave to thyself, whilst lord of all beside,
Surmount thy weakness, or renounce thy pride.

That moving pow'r, which first produc'd the
whole,
To every thing has fix'd a certain goal:
Thither all tend, and must their circles run,
For such the order when the whole begun.
To diff'rent creatures diff'rent ranks assign'd,
Man claims the first, as of a nobler kind;
How just that claim, what wisdom must decide?
Reason is his alone, by which 'tis try'd:

Inferior creatures silently submit,
 'Tis his to talk, and therefore to have wit,
 Thus haughty greece despis'd the world around,
 And barb'rous, all she understood not, found.

Look o'er the wide creation, see how all
 Its several parts obey the Maker's call :
 The earth how fertile. and how rich the sea,
 In various salts, for nature's chimist'ry ;
 How air digests, what burning suns exhale,
 And dews, and snows and rains, by turns, prevail.
 Beasts, birds and reptiles, see 'em all conspire,
 To act whate'er their sev'ral states require.
 But wiser man disdain this meaner part,
 Nature with him, must still give way to art ;
 Vain of conceit, he boasts his fancy'd skill ;
 And, arbitrary, rules the world at will :
 Now fierce and cruel, then as mild and kind,
 Each action owing to each turn of mind ;
 One day a friend, the next as great a foe,
 As human, pique, caprice, or int'rests go ;
 Wisdom and folly thus, by turns, preside,
 And chance alone inclines to either side.

Ask the bold freeman, or the coward slave,
 What makes one abject, and the other brave ?
 What gives to fools their faith, to knaves their wiles,
 To cynicks sou'rnefs, and to flatt'ers smiles ?

This

This one great truth must stand by all confess,
 Some ruling passions lurks in every breast;
 That weakness by a spacious name they call,
 For 'tis that weakness still which governs all.

Wisely the springs of action we conceal,
 Thus fordidness is prudence; fury, zeal;
 Ambition makes the public good her care,
 And hypocrites the mask of saintship wear.

Inur'd to falsehood, we ourselves deceive,
 Oft what we wish, we fancy we believe;
 We call that judgment which is only will,
 And as we act, we learn to argue ill;
 Like bigots who their various creeds defend
 By making reason still to system bend.

Customs or int'rests govern all mankind,
 Some byas cleaves to the unguarded mind;
 Thro' this, as in a false or flatt'ring glass,
 Things seem to change their natures as they pass.
 Objects the same in diff'rent lights appear,
 And but the colours which we give them wear.
 Error and fraud from this great source arise,
 All fools are modish, and all knaves are wise.
 Who does not boast some merit of his own,
 Tho' to himself perhaps 'tis only known?

Each

Each suits reward to his own favourite vice,
 Pride has its crowns, and lust its paradise;
 Bonze, priest and dervise, all in this agree,
 That heaven must be pomp or luxury;
 Man, slave to sense, no higher bliss can know,
 Still measures things above by things below.
 Joys much the same, but differ in degree,
 As time enlarg'd becomes eternity.

How vain is all that science we pursue!
 Scorn'd by the many, useless to the few:
 Since short of truth our utmost labours end,
 Who knows but ign'rance is our greatest friend?
 The fruitless pains but shew the weakness more,
 And we, like misers, 'midst our wealth are poor.
 Much hoarded learning but like lumber lies,
 Or ends in guess work and obscurities.

What tho' proud Greece her seven sages boast?
 The names alone remain the race is lost,
 Satyrs and Centaurs too, might live of old.
 (For so we are in ancient story told)
 But should we doubt in this our faithless age;
 Who can produce a Centaur or a sage?
 Such mighty births were nature's first essays,
 The lusty offspring of her youthful days;
 Our latter times can no such wonders shew,
 But what were giants then, are pigmies now.

Of all the painful follies of mankind,
 Still to be seeking what they ne'er must find,
 Is sure the greatest, not unlike the toil
 Of him who labours in a barren soil.
 Beyond our state if our fond wishes tend,
 Means must be vain where we mistake the end.
 Pride whispers mighty projects in the ear,
 Bids us be great, be wise, be happy here ;
 But sad experience shews the laws of fate,
 And teaches us to know ourselves too late.

Error is a distemper of the mind,
 Hard to be cur'd, because 'tis hard to find,
 So mixt and blended with our very frame,
 It lurks secure and borrows reason's name.
 In diff'rent persons diff'rent ways it springs,
 'Tis factiousness in subjects, pride in kings ;
 Boundless alike they in extremes agree.
 These in oppression, those in anarchy ;
 Both aim at what 'twere ruin to obtain,
 A civil frenzy, or a tyrant reign.

The wise must into nature's secrets pry,
 The weak believe they know not what nor why ;
 And we may equally deluded call,
 Who doubt of nothing, as who doubt of all.

Profane

118 AN ESSAY ON

Profane or pious, bigotry's the same,
The motives terror, avarice, or fame.
Opinion is but int'rest in disguise,
And right and wrong in strength of parties lies.

Some wou'd be happy, know nor want nor care,
Others still find more evils than there are ;
Whilst truth unheeded in the midway lies,
And all extremes are like absurdities.

Wrong turns of head are nature's greatest curse,
Improving every day from bad to worse.
In some odd light all objects still they view,
Thus true with them is false, and false is true.
In trifles solemn, diligent and wise,
Important things as trifles they dispise;
Caressing enemies their friends they shun,
And doat on knaves by whom they are undone.
Deaf to advice, or taking wrong for right,
They boldly blunder on in reason's spite ;
And under clearer lights obscure pretence
Are the antipodes of common sense.

Wou'd you persuade a wretch intent on self,
Tho' he starves others, not to starve himself;
To sense, at least, his sapless trunk from cold,
Nor seem as fond of tatters as of gold;

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HUMAN LIFE. 419

No ! he's too cunning for your high design,
You'd have him like yourself, be poor and fine ;
But he, in spite of envy, richer grows,
And scorns the luxury of meat and cloaths.
Ask the ambitious why he wastes his life
In needless struggles and uncertain strife ?
Why not in peace enjoy what plenty gives ?
So the obscure, the weak, the lazy lives ;
Exalted spirits have a nobler aim,
And know no happiness but toil and fame.

Well ! must it suit a selfish hollow heart,
To act the honest patriot's gen'rous part ;
No tool of party, nor no slave of state,
No mean dependant on the guilty great ;
Boldly he pleads for liberty and laws,
Content to perish in his country's cause ;
When lo ! a ray divine of favour gleams,
Quite diff'rent topics then become his themes,
Old friends, old notions are at once forgot,
And shame and wages are the hireling's lot.

The little mind whose joy in mischief lies,
Hates all mankind but most the good and wise ;
Proud of his shame he boasts his spiteful skill,
And places all his worth in doing ill.
But base-born fear oft checks what rage devis'd,
And leaves him disappointed and despis'd.

Endless

Endless the task to point the various ways,
 How each wrong-head its diff'rent gifts displays;
 How poverty in boasts its wants wou'd hide,
 And meanness shews itself in aukward pride;
 How knaves are cunning at their own expence,
 And coxcombs fancy forwardness is sense.
 Vain is th' attempt to be what heaven denies,
 As vain the art that weakness to disguise.
 Prudence alone can teach the useful skill,
 T'improve the good, and to correct the ill.
 True wisdom lies in practice more than rules,
 For what are maxims when apply'd to fools?
 Of wit and folly reason all you can,
 Who acts most wisely is the wisest man.

Each state of life has its peculiar view,
 Alike in each there is a false and true:
 This point to fix is reason's use and end,
 On this success all other must depend;
 But in this point no error can be small,
 To deviate e'er so little, ruins all.
 The mark once mis'd however near your aim,
 Mis'd by an inch or furlong, 'tis the same:
 Who sets our wrong is more than half undone,
 — Error has many ways and truth but one.

Wrong

Wrong estimates wrong conduct must produce,
 They lose the blessing that mistake its use :
 Who value wealth or pow'r but more or less
 As that can riot, or as this oppresses ;
 What say they else, but that they both are given
 To execute the wrath of angry heaven.

Fools, ever vain, at some distinction aim,
 And fancy madness is the way to fame :
 No matter how the deathless name's acquir'd,
 By countries ravag'd, or a * temple fir'd :
 Alike transmitted down to latter times,
 A Trajan's virtues, and a Nero's crimes.
 Means are indiff'rent to the ends obtain'd,
 Richard † was guilty, but what then ? he reign'd.
 Wou'd you be good and great, the hope is vain,
 The bus'ness is not to deserve, but gain :
 Fortune is fickle, and but short her stay,
 He comes too late that takes the farthest way.

M

Is

* Erostratus, a very obscure man, set fire to the temple of Diana at Ephesus, in order to immortalize his name, and has succeeded in it, in spite of all endeavours to the contrary.

† Richard the usurper.

Is this, Oh grandeur! then thy envy'd state,
 To raise men's wonder and provoke their hate?
 By crimes procur'd, and then in fear enjoy'd,
 By mobs applauded, and by mobs destroy'd.
 Say, mighty cunning, which deserve the prize,
 The courtier's promises or trader's lies?
 Some short-liv'd profit, all the pains rewards
 Of bankrupt dealers, and of perjur'd lords.

Honest alike, you own, but wiser far,
 The knave upon the bench than at the bar.
 Where lies the difference? only in degree,
 And higher rank is greater infamy.
 Poor rogues in chains but dangle to the wind,
 Whilst rich ones live the terror of mankind.

Pomp, pow'r and riches, all mere trifles are,
 When purchas'd by the loss of character:
 Chance may the wise betray, the brave defeat,
 But they correct, or are above their fate.
 Credit once lost can never be retriev'd,
 How few will trust the man who once deceiv'd?
 Craft, like the mole, works only under ground,
 Is lost in day-light, and destroy'd when found.

Notions

Notions mistaken, reas'nings ill apply'd,
 And sophisms that conclude on either side;
 Alike th' unwary, and the weak mislead,
 Who judge of men and things, as they succeed:
 Did * rivals fall by Borgia's vile deceit
 A † Machiavel will call a Borgia great:
 The lucky cheat proclaims the villain wise,
 And fraud and murder are but policies.
 The same despair which made good Cato die,
 To Cæsar gave his last great * victory.
 Had right decided, and not fate, the cause,
 Rome had preserv'd her Cato, and her Laws.
 Fortune sets off the bad, as tawdry dress,
 Shews but the more the wearer's homeliness.
 So mad Caligula's † vain triumph tells,
 That all his conquest are but cockle shells.
 True merit shines in native splendor bright,
 Whilst false but glares a while, and hurts the sight:
 As midnight vapours cast a glimm'ring blaze,
 And to the darkness owe their feeble rays.

M 2

The

* The Vitelli and Orsini basely betray'd and murder'd by order of the duke of Valentinois

† II Princip. cap. vii.

* The battle of Munda agtinst Pompey's son.

† Caligula drew up his army in battle array on the coast, and then order'd them to gather shells, for which great exploit he return'd to Rome in triumph. See Suetonius.

The wise † Egyptians when their monarch dy'd,
By truth's sure standard all his actions try'd.
When no false lustre, wealth, or pow'r appears
To bias judgment by its hopes or fears;
Then conqu'ring chiefs, profuse of subjects blood,
And lazy dotards, indolently good;
That trusts their people to a fav'rite's care,
Whose peaceful rapines cost them more than war,
By injur'd thousands wrongs are doom'd to be
Perpetual marks of scorn and infamy.

Fortune with fools, and wit with knaves you find,
'Tis social virtue shews the noble mind.
Above low wisdom, cunning's mean pretence,
There is no counterfeiting excellence:
The artful head may act the honest part,
But all true honour rises from the heart.

Which serv'd his country best, let story shew,
A guilty Clodious, or good Cicero?
Faults are in all; but here the difference lies,
Clodious had vices, Tully vanities.

Who

† See Diodorus Siculus in the first book.

Who loves mankind by social duty taught,
 Will never think their good too dearly bought:
 What tho' he sacrifice the vain desire
 Of some gay baubles, which the world admire?
 Despising riches and abhorring pow'r,
 When blasted with the name of plunderer.
 Still he may taste life's greatest good, content,
 For who so happy as the innocent?

Jugurtha * murder'd, brib'd and fought his way
 From subject station to imperial sway;
 But insecure 'midst all his guilty state,
 The man was wretched, tho' the monarch great;
 Like Cromwell daring in the doubtful fight,
 But † pale and trembling in the dead of night.

Passion is lawless, headstrong youth is mad:
 But nature varies not in good and bad.

M 3

From

* King of Numidia, famous for his wars with the Romans;
 remarkable for his bravery and his crimes.

† Salk. Bell. Jugur. *Neque post id locorum Jugurthæ dies aut
 nox ulla quieta fuit: Neque loco, neque mortali cuiquam aut tempori
 satis credere: — Alio atque alio loco sæpe contra decus regium nocte
 requiescere* —

Clarendon hist. rebell. of Cromwell he says, He was not
 easy of access, nor so much as seen abroad, and seem'd to be
 in some disorder when his eyes found any stranger in the
 room, &c. rarely lodg'd two nights in one chamber, &c.

From the same causes same effects must flow,
 Truth is but what it was an age ago :
 Modes may be chang'd but truths are stubborn things,
 They court not fav'rites, nor will flatter kings.

Rome had her Cæsar, and our Cromwell we,
 Alike in fortune, pow'r and infamy ;
 And should new Cæsars and new Cromwells rise,
 They could but act the same dull tragedies :
 Foes to mankind, themselves, and virtue's rules,
 Whilst living heroes and when dead but fools.

Fools, not to know the glory they pursue,
 To honest bravery alone, is due :
 Not he who stretches his unjust command,
 And rudely triumphs o'er his native land ;
 But he whose valour saves a sinking state,
 In future annals shall be call'd the Great.

View well this world, and own the dear-bought
 That happiness is but the dream of youth : [truth,
 State of perfection, not for man design'd,
 Howe'er the fond idea fills his mind ;
 Itself an evil, whilst to good it tends,
 But in a round of disappointments ends.

Man's

Man's state in life's uncertain, mixt at best,
 Conduct some little does, but fate the rest :
 Fantastic fate! to merit ever blind,
 Whilst lavish to the worst of all mankind.

Judge then by outward things, you're sure to err,
 And inward lie remote, few look so far.
 Appearances still guide, and still deceive,
 For giddy crowds must wonder and believe.

Who sees gay Codrus loll in gilt machine,
 Grand his attendance, and self-pleas'd his mien :
 Can he imagine all these trappings hide
 A wretch made up of folly, guilt and pride?
 Greedy to get, as he's profuse to spend,
 Stiff when attended, servile to attend ;
 Good but by accident, by habit bad,
 In reas'ning specious, and in acting mad.

Princes we blame for benefits misplac'd,
 Some ill man rais'd, perhaps some good disgrac'd :
 Cruel their lot ! whom numbers join to blind,
 How hard, 'midst labyrinths the way to find !
 For fortune's sons we see, without surprize,
 Thrive by mismanagements, by blunders rise :

Events,

Events, like atoms, jumbling in a dance,
Create these wonders like a world, by chance.

Search time's records, compare the old and new,
Set distant ages in one point of view ;
Still the same prospects under diff'rent dates,
All dark decrees of over-ruling fates :
Madness succeeds, where cautious wisdom fails,
And story's self more strange than fairy's tales :
Reason but seeks the hidden clue in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the entangled scene.

Where then the wonder, if succeeding times
Still vary only in the kinds of crimes ?
Ages of iron, silver, gold, or lead,
What are they but the emblems of the dead ?
The same low ends, by diff'rent means obtain'd,
As fury, avarice, or folly reign'd.

In vain grave moralists, with specious skill,
Nicely distinguish actions good and ill.
The world is led by much more easy rules,
Success determines who are wise or fools.
Causes lie hid, but their effects appear,
Few men can judge, but all can see and hear.

Each

Each age must truckle to the reigning modes,
 And worship devils, when they've made their gods;
 Call rapine industry, distraction sense,
 And stupid squandering, magnificence:
 No folly, crime, or whim too wild to be
 Admir'd, when dress'd in fashion's livery.

See the same notions variously receiv'd,
 Legends, impostures, every thing believ'd;
 See priests and tyrants full obedience find,
 And sacred gibberish enslave mankind.
 View next, with wonder, an extreme as odd,
 Who knelt to carv'd work, now denies a God.
 Wretches from chains and bondage just set free,
 Presumptuous! know no bounds of liberty.
 Wicked or pious in a frantic way,
 Mad, they blaspheme, or superstitious, pray.

By chance we live and act. now right, now wrong,
 Both in excess, and therefore neither long:
 Virtues too rigid, soften by degrees,
 Refine themselves at first to policies:
 When once declining, swiftly downwards tend,
 And then in guilt and prostitutions end.
 Follies, tho' opposite, yet still combine,
 And jointly carry on heav'n's great design.

Change

< Changes of manners change of empire cause,
 States sink by licence, as they rose by laws.
 < Thus human things their stated circles run,
 Who flourish one age are the next undone.

Virtue alone, unchangeable and wise,
 Secure, above the reach of fortune lies :
 Tho' doom'd to meanness, poverty or scorn ;
 Whilst fools and tyrants are to empire born :
 Blest in an humble, but a peaceful state,
 She feels no envy, and she fears no hate :
 With stoick calmness views life's empty round,
 Where good is sparing sown, but ills abound,

INSCRIPTIONS.

INSCRIPTIONS.

A H E D I T H A
 M A T R V M O P T V M A
 M V L I E R V M A M A N T I S S I M A
 V A L E.

Over the Entrance of the Grotto, or Subterraneous
 Way, is this Inscription;

S E C R E T V M I T E R
 E T F A L L E N T I S
 S E M I T A V I T A E.



Mr. P O P E's INSCRIPTIONS

Attempted in *English*.

Round the O B E L I S K.

EDITHA! best of mothers; let this tell
 My Grief; most loving of thy Sex, Farewell.

Over the G R O T T O.

*Alike deceiving is This Secret Way
 With That wherein bewilder'd Mortals stray.* *Thre,*

DESCRIPTION
JAMES EDWARDS
MATHEW OPTIMA
MYLLEW MAMA WISSINA
V A L

Over the Entrance of the Grotto, or Subterraneous
Way, is the Inscription:

SECRETVM MITER
ET FALLENTIS
SEMITA VITAE

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

MR. POLY ILLUSTRATIONS

Assumptio in 1748

Behind the ORIELSK

Engraved by the author in the year
1748, and by the engraver in the year 1749.

Over the GROTTO

The entrance to the Grotto was
first discovered by the author in the year 1748.

↓
Three Hours after

MARRIAGE:

A

COMEDY.

Rumpatur, quisquis rumpitur invidia. MART.

Three Hours after

MARRIAGE

COMEDY

By the Author of "The School for Scandal"

A

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ADVERTISEMENT.

IT may be necessary to acquaint the reader, that this play is printed exactly as it is acted; for, tho' the players, in compliance with the taste of the town, broke it into five parts in the representation; yet, as the action pauses, and the stage is left vacant but three times, so it properly consists but of three acts, like the *Spanish* comedies.

I must farther own the assistance I have receiv'd in this piece from two of my friends; who, tho' they will not allow me the honour of having their names join'd with mine, cannot deprive me of the pleasure of making this acknowledgment.

N 2 JOHN GAY.



PROLOGUE.

Authors are judg'd by strange capricious rules,
The great ones are thought mad, the small ones fools.
Yet sure the best are most severely fated,
For fools are only laugh'd at, wits are hated,
Blockheads with reason, men of sense abhor,
But fool 'gainst fool is barb'rous civil war.
Why on all authors then should critics fall?
Since some have writ, and shewn no wit at all,
Condemn a play of theirs, and they evade it,
Cry, damn not us, but damn the French that maid it;
By running goods, these graceless owlers gain,
Theirs are the rules of France, the plots of Spain:
But wit, like wine, from happier climates brought,
Dash'd by these rogues, turns English common draught;
They pall Moliere's and Lopez sprightly strain,
And teach dull Harlequins to grin in vain.
How shall our author hope a gentle fate,
Who dares most impudently—not translate.
It had been civil in these ticklish times,
To fetch his fools and knaves from foreign climes;
Spaniards and French abuse to the world's end,
But spare old England, lest you hurt a friend.

If

P R O L O G U E.

*If any fool is by our satire bit,
Let him hiss loud, to show you all—he's bit.
Poets make characters as salesmen cloaths,
We take no measure of your fops and beaux;
But here all sizes and all shapes ye meet,
And fit yourselves—like chaps in Monmouth-street.*

*Gallants look here, this * fool's cap has an air—
Goodly and smart,—with ears of Issachar.
Let no one fool engross it, or confine:
A common blessing! now 'tis your's, now mine.
But poets in all ages, had the Care
To keep this cap, for such as will, to wear:
Our author has it now, for ev'ry wit
Of course resign'd it to the next that writ:
And thus upon the stage 'tis fairly † thrown.
Let him that takes it, wear it for his own.*

* Shews a cap with ears.

† Flings down the cap and.

Exit.



Dramatis Personæ.

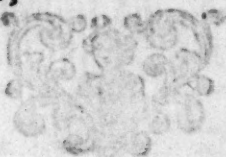
MEN.

FOSSILE,	}	Doctors.
POSSUM,		
NAUTILUS,	}	Apothecary.
PTISAN,		
PLOTWELL,		
UNDERPLOT,		
Sir TREMENDOUS,		
First PLAYER,		
Second PLAYER,		
SAILOR.		

Footmen, Servants, &c.

WOMEN.

Mrs. TOWNLEY,
Mrs. PHOEBE CLINKET,
SARSNET,
PRUE.





Three Hours after

MARRIAGE:

A

COMEDY.

ACT I.

Enter FOSSILE, leading TOWNLEY.

Fos. **W**elcome, my bride, into the habitation of thy husband. The scruples of the parson—

Town. And the fatigue of the ceremony—

Fos. Are at last well over.

Town. These blank licences are wonderful commodious.—The clergy have a noble command, in being rangers of the park of matrimony; produce but a warrant, and they deliver a lady into your possession: but I have no quarrel with them, since they have put me into so good hands.

Fos. I now proclaim a solemn suspension of arms between medicine and diseases. Let distempers suspend their malignant influence, and powders, pills, and potions their operations. Be this day sacred to my love.

140 THREE HOURS

love. I had rather hold this hand of thine, than a dutchess by the pulse.

Town. And I this, than a hand of matadores.

Foss. Who knows but your relations may dispute my title to your person? come, my dear, the seal of the matrimonial bond is consummation.

Town. Alas! what will become of me!

Foss. Why are thy eyes fix'd on the ground? why so slow? and why this trembling?

Town. Ah! heedless creature that I was, to quit all my relations, and trust myself alone in the hands of a strange man.

Foss. Courage, thou best of my curiosities. Know that in husband, is comprehended all relations; in me thou seest a fond father.

Town. Old enough o' my conscience. [*Aside.*

Foss. You may, you must trust yourself with me.

Town. Do with me as you please: Yet sure you cannot so soon forget the office of the church. Marriage is not to be undertaken wantonly, like brute beasts. If you will transgress, the sin be upon your own head.

Foss. Great indeed is thy virtue, and laudable is thy modesty. Thou art a virgin; and I a philosopher; but learn, that no animal action, *quatenus animal*, is unbecoming of either of us. But hold! where am I going? Prithee, my dear, of what age art thou?

Town. Almost three and twenty.

Foss. And I almost at my grand climacterick. What occasion have I for a double-night at these years? She may be an Alcmena, but alas! I am no thunderer. [*Aside*

Town. You seem somewhat disturb'd; I hope you are well, Mr. Fossile.

Foss. What business have I in the bed-chamber, when the symptoms of age are upon me? Yet hold, this is the famous corroborative of Crollius; in this vial are included sons and daughters. Oh, for a draught of the *aqua magnanimitatis* for a vehicle!

fifty

AFTER MARRIAGE 141

fifty drops of *liquid laudanum* for her dose would but just put us upon a *par*. *Laudanum* would settle the present ataxy of her animal spirits, and prevent her being too watchful. [aside]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, your pistachoe-porridge is ready.

[Exit.]

Foss. Now I think of it, my dear ; Venus, which is in the first degree of Capricorn, does not culminate till ten ; an hour (if astrology is not fallible) successful in generation.

Town. I am all obedience. Sir.

Foss. How shall I reward thee for so much Goodness ? let our wedding as yet be a secret in the family. In the mean time I'll introduce my niece Phoebe Clinket to your acquaintance : but alas, the poor girl has a procidence of the pineal gland, which has occasioned a rupture in her understanding. I took her into my house to regulate my oeconomy ; but instead of puddings, she makes pastorals ; or when she should be raising paste, is raising some ghost in a new tragedy. In short, my house is haunted by all the underling players, broken booksellers, half-voic'd singing-masters, and disabled dancing-masters in town. In a former will, I had left her my estate ; but I now resolve that heirs of my own begetting shall inherit. Yonder she comes in her usual occupation. Let us mark her a while.

Enter Clinket and her maid bearing a writing-desk on her back. Clinket writing, her head dress stain'd with ink, and pens stuck in her hair.

Maid. I had as good carry a raree-show about the streets. Oh ! how my back akes !

Clink. What are the labours of the back to those of the brain ? thou scandal to the muses. I have now

142 THREE HOURS

now lost a thought worth a folio, by thy imper-
tinance.

Maid. Have not I got a crick in my back al-
ready, that will make me good for nothing, with
lifting your great books?

Clink. Folio's, call them, and not great books,
thou monster of impropriety: But have patience, and
I will remember the three gallery-tickets I promis'd
thee at my new tragedy.

Maid. I shall never get my head-cloaths clear-
starch'd at this rate.

Clink. Thou destroyer of learning, thou worse
than a book-worm; thou hast put me beyond all pa-
tience. Remember how my lyrick ode bound about
a tallow-candle; thy wrapping up snuff in an epigram;
nay, the unworthy usage of my hymn to Apollo, fil-
thy creature! read me the last lines I writ upon the
deluge, and take care to pronounce them as I taught
you.

Maid. Swell'd with a dropsey, sickly nature lies,
And melting in a diabetes, dies.

[Reads with an affected tone.]

Clink. Still without cadence!

Maid. Swell'd with a dropsey——

Clink. Hold. I conceive——

The roaring seas o'er the tall woods have broke,
And whales now perch upon the sturdy oak.

Roaring? stay. Rumbling, roaring, rustling, no;
raging seas. *[Writing.]*

The raging seas o'er the tall woods have broke,
Now perch, thou whale, upon the sturdy oak.

Sturdy oak? no; steady, strong, strapping, stiff.
Stiff? no, stiff is too short.

FOSSILE and TOWNLEY come forward.

What feast for fish! Oh too luxurious treat!

When hungry dolphins feed on butchers meat.

Foss. Niece, why niece, niece! oh, Melpomene,
thou godddefs of tragedy, suspend thy influence for a
moment

moment, and suffer my niece to give me a rational answer. This lady is a friend of mine; her present circumstances oblige her to take sanctuary in my house; treat her with the utmost civility. Let the tea-table be made ready.

Clink. Madam, excuse this absence of mind; my animal spirits had deserted the avenues of my senses, and retired to the recesses of the brain, to contemplate a beautiful idea. I could not force the vagrant creatures back again into their posts, to move those parts of the body that express civility.

Town. A rare affected creature this! if I mistake not, flattery will make her an useful tool for my purpose.

[*Aside.* *Exeunt* Townley, Clinket, and Maid.

Foss. Her jewels, her strong box, and all her things left behind! if her uncle should discover her marriage, he may lay an embargo upon her goods. I'll send for them.

Enter a boy with a letter.

Boy. This is the ho-ho-house.

Foss. Child, whom dost thou want?

Boy. Mistress Townley's ma-ma-maid.

Foss. What is your business?

Boy. A l-l-letter.

Foss. Who sent this letter?

Boy. O-o-one.

Foss. Give it me, child. An honest boy. Give it me, and I'll deliver it myself. A very honest boy.

Boy. So. [*Exit boy.*

Foss. There are now no more secrets between us. Man and wife are one.

Madam,

Madam, either I mistake the encouragement I have had, or I am to be happy to-night: I hope the same person will compleat her good offices: I stand to articles. The ring is a fine one; and I shall have the pleasure of putting it on the first time.

This from your impatient, R. P.

In the name of Beelzebub, what is this? encouragement! happy to-night! same person! good offices! whom hast thou married, poor Fossile? couldst thou not still divert thyself with the spoils of quarries and coal-pits, thy serpents and thy salamanders, but thou must have a living monster too! Death! what a jest shall I be to our club! is there no rope among my curiosities? shall I turn her out of doors, and proclaim my infamy; or lock her up and bear my misfortunes? lock her up! impossible. One may shut up volatile spirits, pen up the air, confine bears, lyons and tygers, nay, keep even your gold: but a wanton wife, who can keep?

Enter TOWNLEY.

Town. Mrs. Clinket's play is to be read this morning at the tea-table: will you come and divert yourself, Sir?

Foss. No: I want to be alone.

Town. I hope my company is not troublesome already. I am as yet a bride; not a wife. *[Sighs.]* What means this sudden change? *[Aside.]* Consider, Mr. Fossile, you want your natural rest: the bed would refresh you. Let me sit by you.

Foss. My head akes, and the bed always makes it worse.

Town. Is it hereabouts? *[rubbing his temples.]*

Foss. Too sure. *[Turns from her.]*

Town. Why so fretful, Mr. Fossile?

Foss.

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Foss. No, I'll dissemble my passion, and pump her. [*Aside.*] Excess of joy, my dear, for my good fortune overcomes me. I am somewhat vertiginous, I can hardly stand.

Town. I hope I was ordain'd for thy support.

Foss. My disorder now begins to dissipate: it was only a little flatulency, occasion'd by something hard of digestion. But pray, my dear, did your uncle shut you up so close from the conversation of mankind?

Town. Sarsnet and Shock were my only company.

Foss. A very prudent young woman this Sarsnet; she was undoubtedly a good and faithful friend in your solitude.

Town. When it was her interest; but I made no intimacies with my chamber-maid.

Foss. But was there no lover offer'd his service to a lady in distress.

Town. Tongue, be upon thy guard: these questions must be design'd to trap me. [*Aside.*] A woman of my condition can't well escape importunity.

Foss. What was the name of that disagreeable fellow, who, you told me, teaz'd you so?

Town. His name? I think he had a thousand names. In one letter he was Myrtillo, in another Corydon, Alexis, and I don't know what.

Enter SARSNET in haste to her mistress: He runs and embraces her with great earnestness.

Foss. Dear Mrs. Sarsnet, how am I oblig'd to thee for thy services: thou hast made me happy beyond expression. — I shall find another letter upon her.

[*Aside.*

[He gets his hand into Sarsnet's pocket, as searching for a letter.

[Whenever Sarsnet goes to whisper her mistress, he gets between them.

Enter

Enter PTISAN.

Ptis. Mrs. Colloquintida complains still of a dejection of appetite; she says that the genevre is too cold for her stomach.

Foss. Give her a quieting draught; but let us not interrupt one another. Good Mr. Ptisan, we are upon business.

[Fossile gets between Sarsnet and Townley.]

Ptis. The colonel's spitting is quite suppress'd.

Foss. Give him a quieting draught. Come to morrow, Mr. Ptisan; I can see no body till then.

Ptis. Lady Varnish finds no benefit of the waters; for the pimple on the tip of her nose still continues.

Foss. Give her a quieting draught.

Ptis. Mrs Prudentia's tympany grows bigger and bigger. What, no pearl cordial! must I quiet them all?

Foss. Give them all quieting draughts, I say, or blister them all, as you please. Your servant Mr. Ptisan.

Ptis. But then lady Giddy's vapours. She calls her chamber-maids nymphs; for she fancies herself Diana, and her husband Acteon.

Foss. I can attend no patient till to morrow. Give her a quieting draught, I say.

[Whenever Fossile goes to conduct Ptisan to the door, Sarsnet and Townley attempt to whisper; Fossile gets between them, and Ptisan takes that opportunity of coming back.]

Ptis. Then, sir, there is miss Chitty of the boarding-school has taken in no natural sustenance for this week, but a halfpeny worth of charcoal, and one of her mittens.

Foss. Sarsnet, do you wait on Mr Ptisan to the door. To morrow let my patients know I'll visit round.

[A knocking at the door.]

Ptis.

Ptis. Oh, sir; here is a servant of the countess of Hippokekoana. The emetick has over-wrought and she is in convulsions.

Foss. This is unfortunate. Then I must go. Mr. Ptisfan, my dear, has some business with me in private. Retire into my closet a moment, and divert yourself with the pictures. There lies your way, madam. *[To Sarfnet.]*

[Exit Townley at one door and Sarfnet at the other.]

Mr. Ptisfan, pray, do you run before, and tell them I am just coming. *[Exit Ptisfan.]*

All my distresses come on the neck of one another. Should this fellow get to my bride before I have bedded her, in a collection of cuckolds, what a rarity should I make! what shall I do? I'll lock her up. Lock up my bride? my pace and my honour demand it, and it shall be so. *[Locks the door.]* Thomas, Thomas!

Enter footman.

I dream't last night I was robb'd. The town is over-run with rogues. Who knows but the rascal that sent the letter may be now in the house? *[Aside.]* Look up the chimney, search all the dark closets, the coal-hole, the flower-pots, and forget not the empty butt in the cellar. Keep a strict watch at the door, and let no body in till my return.

[Exit footman. A noise at the closet-door. (within.) Who's there? — I'm lock'd in. Murder! fire!]

Foss. Dear madam, I beg your pardon.

[Unlocks the door. Enter TOWNLEY.]

'Tis well you call'd. I am so apt to lock this door; an action meerly mechanical, not spontaneous.

Town. Your conduct, Mr. Fossile, for this quarter of an hour has been somewhat mysterious. It has suggested to me what I almost blush to name; your locking me up, confirms this suspicion. Pray speak plainly, what has caused this alteration?

[*Fossile shows her the letter.*

Is this all?

[*Gives him the letter back.*

Foss. (reads) Either I mistake the encouragement I have had. What encouragement?

Town. From my uncle, — if I must be your interpreter.

Foss. Or I am to be happy to night.

Town. To be married. — If there can be happiness in that state.

Foss. I hope the same person.

Town. Parson. Only a word mis-pell'd. — Here's jealousy for you!

Foss. Will compleat her good offices. A she-parson, I find!

Town. He is a Welshman. And the Welsh always say her instead of his.

Foss. I stand to articles.

Town. Of jointure.

Foss. The ring is a fine one, and I shall have the pleasure of putting it on my self.

Town. Who should put on the wedding-ring but the bridegroom.

Foss. I beseech thee, pardon thy dear husband. Love and jealousy are often companions, and excess of both had quite obnubilated the eyes of my understanding.

Town. Barbarous man! I could forgive thee, if thou hadst poison'd my father, debauch'd my sister, kill'd my lap-dog; but to murder my reputation!

Foss. Nay, I beseech thee, forgive me. [*Weeps*

Town. I do: but upon condition your jealous

fit never returns. To a jealous man a whisper is evidence, and a dream demonstration. A civil letter

makes

AFTER MARRIAGE. 149

makes him thoughtful, an innocent visit mad. I shall try you, Mr. Fossile; for don't think I'll be deny'd company.

Foss. Nay, prithee, my dear; I own I have abused thee. But lest my marriage, and this simple story should take air in the neighbourhood, to-morrow we will retire into the country together, till the secret is blown over. I am call'd to a patient. In less than half an hour I'll be with you again, my dear.

[*Exit Fossile.*]

Town. Plotwell's letter had like to have ruin'd me. 'Twas a neglect in me, not to intrust him with the secret of my marriage. A jealous bridegroom! every poison has its antidote; as credulity is the cause, so it shall be the cure of his jealousy. To-morrow I must be spirited away into the country; I'll immediately let Plotwell know of my distress: and this little time with opportunity, even on his wedding-day, shall finish him a compleat husband. Intrigue assist me! and I'll act a revenge that might have been worthy the most celebrated wife in Boccace.

Enter PLOTWELL and CLINKET.

Hah! Plotwell! which way got he hither? I must caution him to be upon his guard.

Plot. Madam, I am agreeably surpriz'd to find you here.

Town. Me, Sir? you are certainly mistaken, for I don't remember I ever saw you before.

Plot. Madam, I beg your pardon. How like a truth sounds a lye from the tongue of a fine woman.

[*Aside.*]

Clink. This, Madam, is Mr. Plotwell; a Gentleman who is so infinitely obliging, as to introduce my play on the theatre, by fathering the unworthy issue of my muse, at the reading it this morning.

Plot. I should be proud, madam, to be a real father to any of your productions.

O 3.

Clink.

150 THREE HOURS

Clink. Mighty just. Ha, ha, ha. You know, Mr. Plotwell, that both a parrot and a player can utter human sounds, but we allow neither of them to be a judge of wit. Yet some of those people have had the assurance to deny almost all my performances the privilege of being acted. Ah! what a *Gout de travers* rules the understanding of the illiterate!

Plot. There are some, madam, that nauseate the smell of a rose.

[Whenever Plotwell and Townley endeavour to talk, she interrupts them.]

Clink. If this piece be not rais'd to the sublime, let me henceforth be stigmatiz'd as a reptile in the dust of mediocrity. I am persuaded, Sir, your adopted child will do you no dishonour.

Town. Pray, madam, what is the subject?

Clink. Oh! beyond every thing. So adapted for tragical machines! so proper to excite the passions! not in the least encumber'd with episodes! the vray-semblance and the miraculous are linkt together with such propriety.

Town. But the subject, madam?

Clink. The universal Deluge, I chose that of Deucalion and Pyrrha, because neither our stage nor actors are hallow'd enough for sacred story.

Plot. But, madam ——— *[To Townley.]*

Clink. What just occasion for noble description! these players are exceeding dilatory.

—In the mean time, Sir, shall I be oblig'd to you and this lady for the rehearsal of a scene that I have been just touching up with some lively strokes.

Town. I dare assure you, madam, it will be a pleasure to us both. I'll take this occasion to inform you of my present circumstances.

[To Plotwell.]

Clink. Imagine Deucalion and Pyrrha in their boat. They pass by a promontory, where stands prince Hæmon a former lover of Pyrrha's, ready to be

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AFTER MARRIAGE. 151

be swallowed up by the devouring flood: She presses her husband to take him into the boat. Your part, Sir, is Hæmon; the lady personates Pyrrha; and I represent Deucalion. To you, Sir.

[Gives Plotwell the manuscript.

Plot. What ho, there sculler! [reads.

Town. ——— Hæmon!

Plot. ——— Yes, 'tis Hæmon!

Town. Thou seest me now fail'd from my former lodgings,

Beneath a husband's ark; yet fain I would reward

Thy proffer'd love. But Hæmon, ah, I fear

To-morrow's eve will hide me in the country.

Clink. Not a syllable in the part! wrong, all wrong!

Plot. Through all the town, with diligent enquiries,

I sought my Pyrrha ———

Clink. Beyond all patience! the part, Sir, lies before you; you are never to perplex the drama with speeches extempore.

Plot. Madam, 'tis what the top players often do.

Town. Though love denies, compassion bids me save thee. [Plotwell kisses her.

Clink. Fye, Mr. Plotwell; this is against all the decorum of the stage; I will no more allow the libertinism of lip-embraces than the barbarity of killing on the stage; your best tragedians, like the ladies of quality in a visit, never turn beyond the back-part of the cheek to a salute; as thus Mr. Plotwell.

[Kisses Plotwell.

Plot. I don't find in Aristotle any precept against kissing.

Clink. Yet I would not stand upon the brink of an indecorum.

Plot. True, madam, the finishing stroke of love and revenge should never shock the eyes of an audience. But I look upon a kiss in a comedy to be upon a par with a box on the ear in a tragedy, which is frequently given and taken by your best authors.

Clink.

1152 THREE HOURS

Clint. Mighty just! for a lady can no more put up a kiss than a gentleman a box on the ear.

Take my muse, Sir, into your protection [*Gives him her play*] the players I see are here. Your personating the author will infallibly introduce my play on the stage, and spite of their prejudice, make the theatre ring with applause, and teach even that injudicious Canaille to know their own interest.

Exit.



ACT II.

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A C T II.

PLOTWELL, TOWNLEY, CLINKET, with Sir TREMENDOUS and two Players, discovered seated round a Table.

Plot. Gentlemen, this lady who smiles on my performances, has permitted me to introduce you and my tragedy to her tea-table.

Clink. Gentlemen, you do me honour.

1st Play. Suffer us, Sir, to recommend to your acquaintance, the famous Sir Tremendous, the greatest critick of our age.

Plot. Sir Tremendous, I rejoice at your presence; though no lady that has an antipathy, so sweats at a cat as some authors at a critick. Sir Tremendous, madam, is a Gentleman who can instruct the town to dislike what has pleased them, and to be pleased with what they disliked.

Sir Trem. Alas! what signifies one good palate when the taste of the whole town is viciated. There is not in all this Sodom of ignorance ten righteous criticks, who do not judge things backward,

Clink. I perfectly agree with Sir Tremendous: your modern tragedies are such egregious stuff, they neither move terror nor pity.

Plot. Yes, madam, the pity of the audience on the first night, and the terror of the author for the third. Sir Tremendous's plays indeed have rais'd a sublimer passion, astonishment.

Clink

THREE HOURS 154

Clink. I perceive here will be a wit-combat between these beaux-esprits. Prue, be sure you set down all the similes.

Prue retires to the back part of the stage with pen and ink.

Sir Trem. The subjects of most modern plays are as ill chosen as ———

Plotw. The patrons of their dedications.

[Clink. makes signs to Prue.]

Sir Trem. Their plots as shallow ———

Plotw. As those of bad poets against new plays

Sir Trem. Their episodes as little of a piece to the main action, as ———

Clink. A black gown with a pink-colour'd petticoat. Mark that, Prue. *[Aside.]*

Sir Trem. Their sentiments are so very delicate---

Plotw. That like whipt syllabub they are lost before they are tasted.

Sir Trem. Their diction so low, that--that---

Plotw. Why, that their friends are forced to call it simplicity.

1st Play. Sir to the play if you please.

2d Play. We have a rehearsal this morning.

Sir Trem. And then their thefts are so open---

Plotw. that the very French taylor can discover them.

Sir Trem. O what felony from the ancients! what petty larceny from the moderns! there is the famous Ephigenia of Racine, he stole his Agamemnon from Seneca, who stole it from Euripides, who stole it from Homer, who stole it from all the ancients before him. In short there is nothing so execrable as our most taking tragedies.

1st Play. O! but the immortal Shakespeare, Sir.

Sir Trem. He had no judgment.

2d Play. The famous ben Johnson!

Clink. Dry.

1st Play. The tender Otway!

Sir

Sir Trem

2d Play

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Sir Trem. Incorrect.

2d Play. Etheridge!

Clink. Mere chit-chat.

1st Play. Dryden!

Sir Trem. Nothing but a knack of versifying.

Clink. Ah! dear Sir Tremendous, there is that delicatessè in your sentiments!

Sir Trem. Ah, madam! there is that justness in your notions!

Clink. I am so much charm'd with your manly penetration!

Sir Trem. I with your profound capacity!

Clink. That I am not able.—

Sir Trem. That it is impossible.—

Clink. To conceive—

Sir Trem. To express—

Clink. With what delight I embrace—

Sir Trem. With what pleasure I enter into—

Clink. Your ideas, most learned Sir Tremendous!

Sir Trem. Your sentiments, most divine Mrs.

Clinket.

2d Play. The play, for heaven's sake, the play.

[A tea-table brought in.]

Clink. This finish'd drama is too good for an age like this.

Plotw. The Universal Deluge, or the tragedy of Deucalion and Pyrrha. [Reads]

Clink. Mr. Plotwell, I will not be deny'd the pleasure of reading it, you will pardon me.

1st Play. The deluge! the subject seems to be too recherche.

Clink. A subject untouch'd either by ancients or moderns, in which are terror and pity in perfection.

1st Play. The stage will never bear it. Can you suppose, Sir, that a box of ladies will sit three hours to see a rainy day, and a sculler in a storm; make your best of it, I know it can be nothing else.

2d Play

156 THREE HOURS

2d Play. If you please, madam, let us hear how it opens.

Clink. [*reads.*] The scene opens and discovers the heavens cloudy. A prodigious shower of rain. At a distance appears the top of the mountain Parnassus; all the fields beneath are over-flowed; there are seen cattle and men swimming. The tops of steeples rise above the flood, with men and women perching on their weathercocks——

Sir Trem. Begging your pardon, Sir, I believe it can be proved, that weather-cocks are of a modern invention. Besides, if stones were dissolved, as a late philosopher hath proved, how could steeples stand?

Plot. I don't insist upon trifles. Strike it out.

Clink. Strike it out! consider what you do. In this they strike at the very foundation of the drama. Don't almost all the persons of your second act start out of stones that Deucalion and Pyrrha threw behind them? This cavil is levell'd at the whole system of the reparation of human race.

1st Play. Then the shower is absurd.

Clink. Why should not this gentleman rain, as well as other authors snow and thunder?——

[*reads.*] Enter Deucalion in a sort of waterman's habit, leading his wife Pyrrha to a boat—Her first distress is about her going back to fetch a casket of jewels. Mind, how he imitates your great authors. The first speech has all the fire of Lee.

Tho' heav'n wrings all the sponges of the sky,
And pours down clouds, at once each cloud a sea.

Not the spring tides——

Sir Trem. There were no spring tides in the Mediterranean, and consequently Deucalion could not make that simile.

Clink. A man of Deucalion's quality might have travelled beyond the Mediterranean, and so your objection is answered. Observe, Sir Tremendous, the tenderness of Otway, in this answer of Pyrrha.

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————— Why do the stays

Taper my waist, but for thy circling arms?

Sir Trem. Ah! Anachronisms! Stays are a modern habit, and the whole scene is monstrous, and against the rules of tragedy.

Plot. I submit Sir,—out with it.

Clink. Were the play mine, you should gash my flesh, mangle my face, any thing sooner than scratch my play.

Plot. Blot and insert wherever you please——
I submit myself to your judgment.

Plotwell rises and discourses apart with Townley.

Sir Trem. Madam, nonsense and I have been at variance from my cradle, it sets my understanding on edge.

2d Play. Indeed, madam, with submission, and I think I have some experience of the stage, this play will hardly take.

Clink. The worst lines of it would be sufficiently clapt, if it had been writ by a known author, or recommended by one.

Sir Trem. Between you and I, madam, who understand better things, this gentleman knows nothing of poetry.

1st Play. The gentleman may be an honest man, but he is a damn'd writer, and it neither can take, nor ought to take.

Sir Trem. If you are the gentleman's friend, and value his reputation, advise him to burn it.

Clink. What struggles has an unknown author to vanquish prejudice! Suppose this play acts but six nights, his next may play twenty. Encourage a young author, I know it will be your interest.

2d Play. I would sooner give five hundred pounds than bring some plays on the stage; an audience little considers whether 'tis the author or the actor that is his'd, our character suffers.

1st Play. Damn our character—We shall lose money by it.

Clink. I'll deposit a sum myself upon the success of it. Well, since it is to be play'd—I will prevail upon him to strike out some few things.—Take the play, Sir Tremendous.

Sir Tremendous reads in a muttering tone.

Sir Trem. Absurd to the last degree [*strikes out.*] palpable nonsense! [*strikes out.*]

Clink. What all those lines! spare those for a lady's sake, for those indeed, I gave him.

Sir Trem. Such stuff! [*strikes out.*] abominable! [*strikes out.*] most execrable!

1st Play. This thought must out.

2d Play. Madam, with submission, this metaphor.

1st Play. This whole speech.

Sir Trem. The Fable!

Clink. To you I answer,—

1st Play. The characters!

Clink. To you I answer—

Sir Trem. The diction!

Clink. And to you—Ah, hold, hold,—I'm butcher'd, I'm massacred. For mercy's sake! murder, murder! ah!

[*faints.*]

Enter Fossile peeping at the door.

Foss. My house turn'd to a stage! and my bride playing her part too! What will become of me? but I'll know the bottom of all this. [*aside.*] I am surprized to see so many patients here so early. What is your distemper, Sir?

1st Play. The cholic, Sir, by a surfeit of green tea and damn'd verses.

Foss. Your pulse is very high, madam. [*To Townley.*] You sympathize, I perceive, for yours is somewhat feverish. [*To Plotwell.*] But I believe I shall be

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be able to put off the fit for this time. And as for you, niece, you have got the poetical itch, and are possess'd with nine devils, your nine muses; and thus I commit them and their works to the flames. [*Takes up a heap of papers and flings them into the fire.*]

Clink. Ah! I am an undone woman.

Plot. Has he burnt any bank-bills, or a new Mechlin head-dress?

Clink. My works! my works!

1st Play. Has he destroyed the writings of an estate, or your billet doux?

Clink. A Pindarick ode! five similes! and half an epilogue!

2d Play. Has he thrown a new fan or your pearl necklace into the flames?

Clink. Worse, worse! The tag of the acts of a new comedy! a prologue sent by a person of quality three copies of recommendatory verses! and two Greek mottos!

Foss. Gentlemen, if you please to walk out.

2d Play. You shall have our positive answer concerning your tragedy, madam, in an hour or two.

[*Exit Sir Tremendous, Plotwell and Players.*]

Foss. Though this affair looks but ill; yet I will not be over-rash: What says Lybanus? 'A false accusation often recoils upon the accuser;' and I have suffered already by too great precipitation.

[*Exit Fossile.*]

Enter SARFNET.

Town. A narrow escape, Sarfnet! Plotwell's letter was intercepted and read by my husband.

Sarf. I tremble every joint of me. How came you off?

Town. Invention flow'd, I ly'd, he believ'd. True wife, true husband!

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Sarf. I have often warn'd you, madam, against this superfluity of gallants; you ought at least to have clear'd all mortgages upon your person before you leas'd it out for life. Then, besides Plotwell, you are every moment in danger of Underplot, who attends on Plotwell like his shadow; he is unlucky enough to stumble upon your husband, and then I'm sure his shatterbrains would undo us at once.

Town. Thy wit and industry, Sarfnet, must help me out. To day is mine, to morrow is my husband's.

Sarf. But some speedy method must be thought of, to prevent your letters from falling into his hands.

Town. I can put no confidence in my landlady Mrs. Chambers, since our quarrel at parting. So I have given orders to her maid to direct all letters and messages hither, and I have plac'd my own trusty servant Hugh at the door to receive them—but see, yonder comes my husband, I'll retire to my closet.

[*Exit Townley and Sarfnet.*]

Enter FOSSILE.

Foss. O marriage, thou bitterest of potions, and thou strongest of astringents. This Plotwell that I found talking with her must certainly be the person that sent the letter. But if I have a Bristol stone put upon me instead of a diamond, why should I by experiments spoil its lustre? she is handsome, that is certain. Could I but keep her to myself for the future! Cuckoldom is an accute case, it is quickly over; when it takes place, it admits of no remedy but palliatives.—Be it how it will, while my marriage is a secret——

Within. Bless the noble doctor Fossile and his honourable lady. The city musick are come to wish him much joy of his marriage. [*A flourish of fiddles.*]

Foss. Joy and marriage; never were two words so coupled.

Within

AFTER MARRIAGE. 161

Within. Much happiness attend the learned doctor Fossile and his worthy and virtuous lady. The drums and trumpets of his majesty's guards are come to salute him ——— [*A flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*]

Foss. Ah, Fossile! wretched Fossile! into what state hast thou brought thy self! thy disgrace proclaim'd by beat of drum! New married men are treated like those bit by a Tarantula, both must have musick: But where are the notes that can expell a wife! *Exit,*



P 3

ACT III.



A C T III.

Enter FOSSILE in a footman's cloaths,

Foss. **A** Special dog; this footman of my wife's! as mercenary as the porter of a first minister! Why should she place him as a centinal at my door? unquestionably, to carry on her intrigues. Why did I bribe him to lend me his livery? to discover those intrigues. And now, O wretched Fossile, thou hast debas'd thyself into the low character of a footman. What then? gods and demi-gods have assum'd viler shapes: they, to make a cuckold; I, to prove myself one. Why then should my metamorphosis be more shameful, when my purpose is more honest?

[Knocking at the door, enter footman.]

Foot. Ay, this is her livery. Friend, give this to your mistress.

[Gives a letter to Fossile and exit.]

Fossile [reads] 'Madam, you have jilted me. What I gave you cost me dear; what you might have given me, would have cost you nothing. You shall use my next present with more respect. I presented you a fine snuff-box; you gave it to that coxcomb Underplot, and Underplot gave it to my wife. Judge of my surprise.

'Freeman.'

A fine

AFTER MARRIAGE. 163

A fine circulation of a snuff-box! in time I shall have the rarest of my shells set off with gold hinges, to make presents to all the fops about town. My *Concha Veneris*; and perhaps, even my *Nautilus*.

A knocking at the door. Enter an old woman.

Old Wom. Can I speak with your good mistress, honest friend?

Fos. No, she's busy.

Old Wom. Madam Wyburn presents her service and has sent this letter. [Exit.]

Fossile [reads]. 'Being taken up with waiting upon merchants ladies this morning, I have sent to acquaint you, my dear sweet Mrs. Townley, that the alderman agrees to every thing but putting away his wife, which he says is not decent at that end of the town. He desires a meeting this evening.'

Postscript.

'He does not like the grocer's wife at all.'

Bless me! what a libidinous age we live in! neither his own wife! nor the grocer's wife! Will people like nobody's wife but mine!

[Knocking at the door. Enter footman, gives a letter, and exit.]

Enter another footman gives a letter, and exit.

Foss. [reads]. 'Sincerely, madam, I cannot spare that sum; especially in monthly payments. My good friend and neighbour Pinch, a quiet sober man, is content to go a third part, only for leave to visit upon sabbath days.'

f. Habakkuk Plumb.

Well,

164. THREE HOURS.

Well, frugality is laudable even in iniquity! Now for this other.

Opens the second letter.

Foss. [reads] 'Madam, I can't make you rich, but I can make you immortal.'

'Verses on Mrs. Susanna Townley, in the front box dress'd in green.'

'In you the beauties of the spring are seen,
'Your cheeks are roses, and your dress is green.'

A poor dog of a poet! I fear him not.

Enter a ragged fellow with a letter.

Foot. My master is at present under a cloud —
He begs you will deliver this letter to your lady.

[Exit.]

Foss. [reads] 'I am reduced by your favours to ask the thing I formerly deny'd; that you would entertain me as a husband, who can no longer keep you as a mistress.'

'Charles Bat.'

Why did I part with this fellow? This was a proposal indeed, to make both me and himself happy at once! He shall have her, and a twelve-month's fees into the bargain. Where shall I find him? — Why was the mistress of all mankind unknown to thee alone? Why is nature so dark in our greatest concerns? Why are there no external symptoms of deforation, nor any pathognomick of the loss of virginity but a big belly? Why has not lewdness its tokens like the plague?

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plague? Why must a man know rain by the aking of his corns, and have no prognostick of what is of infinitely greater moment, cuckoldom? Or if there are any marks of chastity, why is the enquiry allowed only to Turks and Jews, and denied to Christians? O Townley, Townley! once to me the fragrant rose; now aloes, wormwood and snake-root! but I must not be seen.

As Townley and Sarfnet enter, Fossile sneaks off.

Town. Sarfnet, we are betray'd. I have discovered my husband posted at the door in Hugh's livery, he has intercepted all my letters. I immediately writ this, which is the only thing that can bring us off. Run this moment to Plotwell, get him to copy it, and send it directed to me by his own servant with the utmost expedition. He is now at the chocolate-house in the next street.

Sarf. I fly, madam; but how will you disengage yourself from the affair with Underplot?

Town. Leave it to me. Though he wants sense, he's handsome, and I like the fellow; and if he is lucky enough to come in my husband's absence. — But prithee Sarfnet make haste.

[Exit Townley and Sarfnet, upon which Fossile re-enters, to him Underplot.]

Underp. Harke'e, friend. I never talk with one of your coat, but I first tip him.

Foss. Behold the lucre of a pimp! Between the pox abroad, and my plague at home, I find a man may never want fees. *[aside.]* Your honour's commands, I pray. I long to serve you.

Underp. Ah, boy! thou hast a rare mistress for vails. Come I know thou art a sly dog; can'st thou introduce me to her for a moment's conversation?

Foss. Impossible.

Underp. What, still impossible? *[Gives more money.]*

Foss. Still impossible.

Under-

166 THREE HOURS

Underp. Poh, pox. But prithee, friend, by the by, is there any thing in this report that she is marry'd to the doctor here?

Foss. I am afraid there is something in it.

Underp. What a spirit does a jealous husband give to an intrigue! Pray, is he not a most egregious silly animal?

Foss. Not exceeding wise indeed,

Underp. Rich?

Foss. He has money.

Underp. That will save the expence of her gallants. Old?

Foss. Ay, too old, heaven knows.

Underp. How came it in to the puppy's head to marry?

Foss. By the instigation of Satan.

Underp. I'll help the old fool to an heir.

Foss. No doubt on't. If the whole town can do it, he will not want one. *[Aside.]*

Underp. Come, prithee deal freely with me, Has Plotwell been here since the wedding?

Foss. He has! too sure: *[aside.]* He's a dangerous rival to you; if you have a mind to succeed, keep a strict watch upon him, that he may not get admittance before you.

Underp. Well, since thou hast shown thyself so much my friend, I'll let thee into a secret. Plotwell and I no sooner heard of the wedding, but we made a bett of a hundred guineas, who should dub the doctor first. Remember you go twenty pieces with me.

Foss. But here is some body coming. Away you are sure of my interest. *[Exit Underplot.]*

Foss. This was well judg'd. I have a small territory coveted by two rival potentates. It is profound policy to make them watch one the other, and so keep the ballance of power in my own hands. Certainly nothing so improves one's politicks, as to have a coquet to one's wife.

Enter

AFTER MARRIAGE 167

Enter a footman with a letter,

Foot. This is for your lady, Deliver it safe into her own hands. *[Exit Footman.]*

Fof. *[reads.]* ' Know, cruel woman, I have discovered the secret of your marriage; you shall have all the plague of a jealous husband, without the pleasure of giving him cause. I have this morning counterfeited billetdoux and letters from bawds; nay, I have sent pimps; some of which, I hope, are fallen into your old coxcomb's hands. If you deny me the pleasure of tipping him a real cuckold, at least, I'll have the resentment to make him an imaginary one. Know that this is not the hundredth part of the revenge that shall be executed upon thee, by R. P.'

Town. *[peeping.]* So. The letter works as I would have it. *[Aside.]*

Foff. How true is that saying of the philosopher! ' We only know, that we know nothing.' The eruption of those horns which seem'd to make so strong a push is now suppress'd. Is the mystery of all these letters nothing but the revenge of a disappointed lover? The hand and seal are just the same with the Welchman's that I intercepted a while ago. Truly, these Welch are a hot revengeful people. My wife may be virtuous; she may not. Prevention is the safest method with diseases and intrigues. Women are wanton, husbands weak, bawds busy, opportunities dangerous, gallants eager; therefore it behoves honest men to be watchful. But here comes my Wife, I must hide myself; for should I be detected, she might have a just cause of complaint for my impertinent curiosity.

Exit Foffi.

Enter

168 THREE HOURS

Enter TOWNLEY; and to her SARNET at the other door.

Sarf. Your orders, madam, have been executed to a tittle, and I hope with success.

Town. Extremely well. Just as we could have wish'd. But I can't forgive that rascal Hugh. To turn him away would be dangerous. We will rather take the advantage of the confidence my husband has in him. Leave the husband to me, and do you discipline the footman. Such early curiosity must be crush'd in the bud. Hugh, Hugh, Hugh. [*calls aloud, and rings.*] What is become of the rogue?

[*Townley runs in, and drags out Fossile changing his cloaths with Hugh.*]

Why firrah! must one call all day for you? [*cuff's him.*]

Sarf. This is not Hugh, madam; a rouge in disguise, got in to rob the house! thieves, thieves!

Enter CLINKET, PRUE with the writing-desk, and servants

Foss. St. St---no noise. Prithee, dearee, look upon me. See, see, thy own dear husband. It is I.

Town. What an unfortunate woman am I! Could not you pass one day without an intrigue? and with a cookwench too! for you could put on a livery for no other end. You wicked man.

Sarf. His coldness, madam, is now no longer a mystery. Filthy monster! wer't not thou provided with my mistress as a remedy for thy rampant unchastity?

Town. Was all your indifference to me for this! you brute you. [*weeps.*]

Foss. Nay, prithee, dearee, judge not rashly. My character is establish'd in the world. There lives not a more sober, chaste, and virtuous person than doctor Fossile.

Town. Then why this disguise?

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AFTER MARRIAGE. 169

Foss, Since it must come out; ha, ha, ha, only a frolick on my wedding day between Hugh and I. We had a mind to exhibit a little mummery.

Clink. What joy arises in my soul to see my uncle in a dramatick character! Since your humour lead you to the drama, uncle, why would you not consult a relative muse in your own family? I have always used you as my physician; and why should not you use me as your poet?

Foss, Prithee, dear, leave me a moment. This is a scandal to my gravity. I'll be with you, as myself, immediately.

[Exeunt omnes, except Fossile and Hugh. As they are changing habits, Fossile says,

As a mark of my confidence in thee, I leave thee guardian of my house while I go my rounds. Let none in but patients; wan sickly fellows, no person in the least degree of bodily strength.

Hugh. Worthy doctor, you may rely upon my honour.

Exit Foss.

I have betray'd my mistress. My conscience flies in my face, and I can ease it no way but by betraying my master.

Knocking at the door.

This is not the doctor; but he is dress'd like him, and that shall be my excuse.

[He lets Plotwell in, Townley meets him, they embrace.

Town. Hugh, go, wait at the door.

[Exit Hugh.

Plotw. This disguise gives spirit to my intrigue. Certainly I am the first person that ever enjoy'd a bride without the scandal of matrimony.

Town. I have a different relish, Mr. Plotwell, for now I can't abide you, you are so like my husband.

Plotw. Underplot, I defy thee. I have laid the wager, and now I hold the stakes.

Town. Opportunity Mr. Potwell, has been the downfall of much virtue.

[As he is leading her off, enter Hugh.
Q *Hugh.*

170 THREE HOURS

Hugh. Ah, madam! the doctor! the doctor!

Exit Hugh.

Plot. Fear nothing. I'll stand it. I have my part ready.

[Exit Townley.]

Enter FOSSILE.

Foss. I promis'd lady Langfort my eagle-stone. The poor lady is like to miscarry, and 'tis well I thought on't. Ha! who is here! I do not like the aspect of the fellow. But I will not be over censorious.

[They make many bows and cringes in advancing to each other.]

Plot. *Illustrissime domine, buc adveni—*

Foss. *Illustrissime domine—non usus sum loquere Latinum—* If you cannot speak English, we can have no lingual conversation.

Plot. I can speak but a little Englife. Me ave great deal heard of de fame of de great luminary of all arts and sciences, de illustrious doctor Fossile. I would make commutation (what do you call it) I would exchange some of my tings for some of his tings.

Foss. Pray, Sir, what university are you of?

Plot. De famous university of Cracow in Polonia minor. I have cured de king of Sweden of de wound. My name be doctor Cornelius Lubomirski.

Foss. Your Lubomirskis are a great family. But what Arcana are you master of, Sir?

Plot. *[Shows a large snuff-box.]* See dere, Sir, dat box de snuff.

Foss. Snuff-box.

Plot. Right. Snuff-box. Dat be de very true gold.

Foss. What of that?

Plot. Vat of dat? me make dat gold my own self, of de lead of de great church of Crawcow.

Foss. By what operations?

Plot.

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Plot. By calcination; reverberation; purification; sublimation; amalgamation; precipitation; volatilization.

Foss. Have a care what you assert. The volatilization of gold is not an obvious process. It is by great elegance of speech called, *fortitudo fortitudinis fortissima*.

Plot. I need not acquaint de illustrious doctor Fossile, dat all de metals be but unripe gold.

Foss. Spoken like a philosopher, And therefore there should be an act of parliament against digging of lead mines, as against felling young timber. But inform me, Sir, what might be your menstruum, snow-water, or May-dew?

Plot. Snow-water.

Foss. Right. Snow is the universal pickle of nature for the preservation of her productions in the hyemal season.

Plot. If you will go your self, and not trust de servant, to fetch some of de right Thames sand dat be below de bridge, I will show you de naked Diana in your study before I go hence.

Foss. Perhaps you might. I am not at present dispos'd for experiments.

Plot. This bite wont take to send him out of the way, I'll change my subject. [*Aside.*] Do you deal in longitudes, Sir?

Foss. I deal not in impossibilities. I search only for the grand elixir.

Plot. Vat do you tink of de new metode of fluxion?

Foss. I know no other but my mercury.

Plot. Ha, ha. Me mean de fluxion of de quantity.

Foss. The greatest quantity I ever knew, was three quarts a day.

Plot. Be dere any secret in the hydrology, zoology, minerology, hydraulicks, acousticks, pneumaticks, logarithmatechny, dat you do want de explanation of?

Foss. This is all out of my way. Do you know of any hermaphrodites, monstrous twins, antediluvian shells, bones, and vegetables?

Plot. Vat tink you of an antediluvian knife, spoon, and fork, with the mark of Tubal Cain in Hebrew, dug out of the mine of Babylon?

Foss. Of what dimensions, I pray, Sir?

Plot. De spoon be bigger dan de modern ladle; de fork, like de great fire-fork; and de knife, like de cleaver.

Foss. Bless me! this shows the stature and magnitude of those antediluvians!

Plot. To make you convinc'd that I tell not de lie, dey are in de Turkey ship at Vapping, just going to be disposed of. Me would go there vid you, but de busin's vil not let me.

Foss. An extraordinary man this! I'll examine him further. [*Aside.*] How could your country lose so great a man as you?

Plot. Dat be de secret. But becaufe me vil have de fair correspondence with de illustrious doctor Fossile, me vil not deny dat Orpheus and me had near run de same fate for different reason. I was hunted out of my country by de general insurrection of de women.

Foss. How so pray?

Plot. Becaufe me have prepare a certain liquor which discover whether a woman be a virgin or no.

Foss. A curious discovery! have you any of it still?

Plot. Dere it is, Sir. It be commonly called de *Lapis Lydius Virginitatis*, or touch-stone of virginity.

[*gives him a vial.*]

Foss. It has the smell of your common hart's-horn. But all your volatile spirits have a near resemblance.

Plot. Right, Sir. De distillation be made from the *Hippomanes* of a young mare. When a deflower'd virgin take ten drops, she will faint and sneeze, and de large red spot appear on the cheek; which we call

de

AFTER MARRIAGE. 173

de spot of infamy. All de young bridegroom make de experiment. De archbishop did make obligation to de nun to take it every ninth month. And I fly for the hurlyburly it make.

Enter HUGH.

Hugh. Sir here is a patient in a chair.

Foss. Doctor Lubomirski, let me conduct you into my study, where we will farther discuss the wonderful virtues of this liquor. Tell the patient I will attend him this instant.

[*Exeunt Plotwell and Fossile.*]

Enter UNDERPLOT in a chair like a sick man.

Hugh. The doctor will wait upon you immediately. [Exit Hugh.]

Underp. I dogg'd Plotwell to this door in a doctor's habit. If he has admittance as a doctor, why not I as a patient? Now for a lucky decision of our wager! If I can't succeed myself, I will at least spoil his intrigue.

Enter FOSSILE.

Underp. Ah! ah! have you no place? Ah! where can I repose a little? I was taken suddenly. Ah! ah! 'tis happy I was so near the house of an eminent physician.

Foss. Rest yourself upon that couch.

Underp. If I lay a few minutes cover'd up warm in a bed, I believe I might recover.

[*Fossile feels his pulse. Plotwell peeps.*]

Plot. Underplot in disguise! I'll be his doctor, and cure him of these frolicks. [aside.]

Foss. What are your symptoms, Sir? a very tempestuous pulse, I profess!

Underp. Violent head-ach, ah! ah!

Foss. All this proceeds from the fumes of the kitchen, the stomachic digester wants reparation for the better concoction of your aliment: But, Sir, is your pain pungitive, tensive, gravitive, or pulsatory?

Plot. All together, ah!

Foss. Impossible Sir; but I have an eminent physician now in the house, he shall consult. Doctor Lubomirski, here is a person in a most violent cephalalgia, a terrible case!

Enter PLOTWELL.

Foss. Feel his pulse. [*Plotwell feels it.*] You feel it, Sir, strong, hard and labouring.

Plot. Great plenitude, Sir.

Foss. Feel his belly, Sir; a great tension and heat of the abdomen—A hearty man, his muscles are torose; how soon are the strongest humbled by diseases! let us retire, and consult.

Enter SARNET in haste.

Sarf. My mistress approves your design, bear it out bravely, perhaps I shall have a sudden opportunity of conveying you into her bed-chamber, counterfeit a fainting fit and rely upon me. [*Exit.*]

Underp. As yet I find I am undiscover'd by Plotwell; neither is his intrigue in such forwardness as mine, though he made a fair push for it before me.

[*aside.*]

[*Fossile and Plotwell come forward.*]

Foss. I am entirely for a glister.

Plot. My opinion is for de strong vomit.

Foss. Bleed him.

Plot. Make de scarrification, give me de lancet, me will do it myself, and after dat will put de blister to de sole of de feet.

Foss.

Foss. Your dolor proceeds from a frigid *intemperies* of the brain, a strong disease! the enemy has invaded the very citadel of your microcosm, the magazine of your vital functions; he has set down before it; yet there seems to be a good garrison of vital spirits. and we don't question to be able to defend it.

Plot. Ve will cannonade de enemy with pills, bombard him wid de bolus, blow him up with volatiles, fill up the trenches wid de large inundation of apozems, and dislodge him wid de stink-pot; let de apotecary bring up de artillery of medicine immediately.

Foss. True, we might unload the stomach by gentle emeticks, and the intestines by clysters stimulative, carminative, and emollient, with strong hydroticks, quiet the spasms of the viscera by paregoricks, draw off the stagnant blood by deep scarrifications, and de-purate its fæculencies by volatiles; after this, let there be numerous blisters and potential cauteries—I consult my patient's ease; I am against much physick—He faints, he is apoplectic, bleed him this moment.

Plot. Hoy de servant dere, make hast, bring de pan of hot coals; or de red hot iron to make application to de temples.

Enter HUGH.

Hugh. Here's the poker red hot from the fire.

Plot. Very well make de burn dere, exactly dere.

[*putting the poker near his head.*]

Underp. Hold, hold, am I to be murder'd?
[*starts up.*] I know you, Plotwell, and was I not oblig'd by honour and friendship, I'd expose you to the doctor.

[*aside to Plotwell.*]

Plot.

Plot. Very lunatick, mad, fetch me de cord to make de tie upon de leg and de arm, take off thirty ounces of blood, and den plunge him into de cold bath.

Foss. Your judgment, doctor Lubomirski, is excellent, I will call my servants to assist us.

Underp. Hearke'e, old put; I came to take your advice, and not that French son of a whore's scarrifications; and so plague take you both.

[Exit Underplot and Hugh.]



ACT IV.

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A C T IV.

Enter Dr. FOSSILE, and PLOTWELL.

Foss. **D**OCTOR Lubomirski, this vial that you have intrusted into my custody, shall be with acknowledgment return'd after a few experiments; I must crave your indulgence; diseases, you know, Sir, are impertinent, and will tie themselves to no hours, poor lady Hyppoekoana!

Plot. Ah Sir! I beg your pardon, if you make visit to de patient, me will divert myself in your study till you make return.

Foss. That cannot be, I have a lady just coming to consult me in a case of secrecy.

Plot. Have you not de wife? me will make conversation wid de ladies till you come.

Foss. They see no company in the morning, they are all in *deshabille*; most learned doctor Lubomirski, your humble servant.

Plot. Most illustrious doctor Fossile, me be, with de profoundest adoration

Foss. With the greatest admiration

Plot. Your most humble

Foss. Most obedient servant.

Plot. Ah, Monsieur, point de ceremonie.

[Exit Plotwell.]

Enter HUGH.

Foss. Hugh, bring me a pint of sack; let your mistress know I want to see her. Take care that her orders

orders be obey'd, and that her trunks and boxes be immediately brought hither. Sarfnet will give you directions.

[*Exit Hugh. Fossile sits down on a couch.*]

Ah Fossile! if the cares of two hours of a married life have so reduc'd thee, how long can'st thou hold out! to watch a wife all day, and have her wake thee all night! 'twill never do. 'The fatigue of three fevers, six small poxes, and five great ones, is nothing to that of one wife. Now for my touch-stone; I will try it upon her presently. If she bear it to day—I am afraid she will bear it to morrow too.

Enter Hugh with a bottle of sack, and after him Townley. Hugh gives the bottle and glass to Fossile and exit.

Sit down by me, my dear, I was going to refresh myself with a glass of canary. You look pale. It will do you good.

Town. Faugh. Wine in the morning!

[*Fossile drinks and fills again, and drops some of the liquor into the glass.*]

What is the meaning of this? am I to be poison'd!

[*aside.*]

Foss. You must drink it. Sack is sacred to Hy-men; of it is made the nuptial posset.

Town. Don't press me, Mr. Fossile, I nauseate it. It smells strangely. There is something in it.

Foss. An ill symptom! she can't bear the smell. [*aside.*] Pray, my dear, oblige me.

Town. I'm for none of your sops. I'll fill myself.

Foss. I must own, I have put some restorative drops in it, which are excellent. I may drink it safely.

[*aside.*] [*drinks.*] The next glass I prepare for you.

[*Fills, and pours some drops in.*]

[*Town-*]

[*Townley drinks. Fossile runs behind to support her; then pores upon her cheek, and touches it with his finger.*

Town. Your insolence is insupportable. 'Twas but this moment you suspected my virtue; and now my complexion. Put on your spectacles. No red was ever laid upon these cheeks. I'll fly thee, and die a maid, rather than live under the same roof with jealousy and caprice.

Foss. O thou spotless innocence! I cannot refrain tears of joy. Forgive me, and I'll tell thee all. These drops have been a secret in our family for many years. They are call'd the touch-stone of virginity. The males administer it to the brides on their wedding-day; and by its virtue have ascertain'd the honour of the Fossiles from generation to generation. There are family customs, which it is almost impious to neglect.

Town. Had you married a person of doubtful reputation—But me, Mr. Fossile!

Foss. I did not indeed suspect thee. But my mother obliged me to this experiment with her dying words—My wife is chaste: And to preserve her so, 'tis necessary that I have none but chaste servants about her. I'll make the experiment on all my female domesticks. [*aside.*] I will now, my dear, in thy presence, put all my family to the trial. Here! bid my niece, and all the maid-servants come before me.

[*Calling out.*

Enter Clinket, Prue, and Servants.

Give ear, all ye virgins: We make proclamation in the name of the chaste Diana, being resoly'd to make a solemn essay of the virtue, virginity, and chastity of all within our walls. We therefore advise, warn and precaution all spinsters, who know themselves blemish'd, not on any pretence whatsoever

to taste these our drops, which will manifest their shame to the world by visible tokens.

Clink. I abominate all kind of drops. They interrupt the series of ideas. But have the any power over the virgin's dreams, thoughts, and private meditations?

Foss. No. They do not affect the *motus Primo-primi*, or intentions; only actualities, niece.

Clink. Then give it me. I can drink as freely of it as of the waters of Helicon. My love was always Platonick. [*drinks.*]

Foss. Yet I have known a Platonick lady lodge at a mid wife's.

[*Fossile offers it round.*]

1st Wom. I never take physick.

Foss. That's one. Stand there. My niece professes herself a Platonick. You are rather a Cartesian.

Clink. Ah dear uncle! how do the Platonicks and Cartesians differ.

Foss. The Platonicks are for idea's, the Cartesians for matter and motion.

Town. Mr. Fossile, you are too severe.

2d Wom. I am not a-dry. [*curtsies.*]

Foss. There's two. Stand there.

Prue. My mistress can answer for me. She has taken it.

Foss. She has. But however stand there, among the Cartesians.

3d Wom. My innocence would protect me, though I trod over red-hot iron. Give me a brimmer.

[*She takes a mouthful and spits it out again.*]

Foss. 'Twas a presumptuous thing to gargle with it: but however, madam, if you please——walk among the Cartesians.

[*Two young wenches run away.*]

Clink.

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Clink. Prue, follow me. I have just found a rhyme for my Pindarick.

[*They all sneak off.*]

Fos. All gone! what no more ladies here? no more ladies! [*looking to the audience,*] O that I had but a boarding-school, or a middle gallery!

Enter Sarsnet, follow'd by two porters bearing a chest.

Set down the things here: there is no occasion for carrying them up stairs, since they are to be sent into the country to morrow.

[*Exit porters.*]

What have I done? My marriage, these confounded whimsies, and doctor Lubomirski, have made me quite forget poor lady Hippokekoana. She was in convulsions, and I am afraid dead by this time.

[*Exit Fosfile.*]

Sarf. I have brought you a present, madam, make good use of it. So I leave you together.

[*Exit Sarsnet.*]

[*Townley opens the chest: Plotwell, who was cover'd with a gown and petticoat, gets out.*]

Town. Never was any thing so lucky. The doctor is just this minute gone to a patient.

Plot. I tempt dangers enough in your service. I am almost crippled in this chest-adventure. Oh my knees! Prithee, my dear, lead me to a bed where I may stretch myself out.

[*Leading her off.*]

Enter Sarsnet.

Sarf. Oh madam! yonder is the doctor in deep discourse with Underplot: I fear he has dogg'd me, and betray'd us. The are both coming back together.

[*Exit Sarsnet.*]

Plot. I'll shrink snug into my shell again.

R

Town.

Town. That he may directly pop upon you. The trunk will be the first place he will examine. have you no presence of mind? You fit for an intrigue!

Plot. What shall I do?

Town. Fear not, you shall be invisible i'this is very spet.

Plot. What do you mean? he's just at the door. You intend to discover me.

Town. Mistrust me not: You shall walk out before his face at that very door, though he bring in a hundred spies, and not one of them shall perceive you.

Plot. Don't trifle. Are you mad? [*knocking at the door.*] Nay, now 'tis too late.

Town. Arm thyself with flounces, and fortify thyself with whalebone; enter beneath the cupulo of this petticoat.

Plot. The best security in the world! an old fellow has seldom any thing to do beneath that circumference.

Town. No more but under it immediately.

[*Plotwell goes under it.*]

Thus Venus, when approaching foes assail,
Shields her Æneas with a silken veil.

Enter FOSSILE.

Town. O my dear you come opportunely. How do you like my fancy in this new petticoat? there is something in it so odd!

Fos. You have another in your chest much odder. I want to see that.

Town. How jaunty the flounces!

Fos. Ay, 'tis plain she would lure me from the chest; there I shall find him. [*aside.*]

Town. The lace! the fringe!

Fos. All this is nothing to the embroider'd sattin. Prithce, my dear, give me the key.

Town.

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Town. Sure never was any thing so prettily disposed. Observe but the air of it: So *degagee*! But the lining is so charming.

[She walks to the door, and Fossile to the trunk. Plotwell kisses her out of the top of the petticoat, and then goes off.]

[As Fossile is cautiously opening the trunk with his sword drawn, Townley comes up to him.]

What, more of your frolicks, Mr. Fossile. What time of the moon is this?

Fos. This Underplot is a confounded villain, he would make me jealous of an honest civil gentleman, only for an opportunity to cuckold me himself. *[aside.]* Come, my dear, forget all that is past. I know — I have proved thee virtuous. But prithee, love, leave me a moment; I expect some Egyptian rarities.

[Exeunt severally.]

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ACT II.



ACT V.

Enter FOSSILE with a vial in his hand.

Fos. **T**HIS is all we have for the flying dragon so celebrated by antiquity. A cheap purchase! It cost me but fifteen guineas. But the Jew made it up in the butterfly and the spider.

Enter two porters bearing a Mummy.

Oh! here's my mummy. Set him down. I am in haste. Tell captain Bantam, I'll talk with him at the coffee-house. *[Exit porters.]*

Enter two porters bearing an Alligator.

A most stupendous animal! set him down.

[Exit porters.]

Poor lady Hippokekoana's convulsions! I believe there is fatality in it, that I can never get to her. Who can I trust my house to in my absence? Were my wife as chaste as Lucretia, who knows what an unlucky minute may bring forth! In cuckoldom, the art of attack is prodigiously improved beyond the art of defence. So far it is manifest, Underplot has a design upon my honour. For the ease of my mind, I will lock up my wife in this my museum, 'till my return.

Enter

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Enter TOWNLEY, and SARNET.

You will find something here, my dear, to divert yourself.

Town. I hate the sight of these strange creatures; but since I am Mr. Fossile's wife, I shall endeavour to conquer my aversion.

Foss. Thou may'st safely be here to day, my dear; to-morrow thou shouldst no more enter this room than a pest-house. 'Tis dangerous for women that are impregnated. But poor lady Hippokekoana suffers all this while.

[*Exit Fossile with a key in his hand.*]

Town. Since he has lock'd me in, to be even with him, I'll bolt him out.

[*Plotwell dress'd like a Mummy, comes forward.*]

Plot. Thus trav'ling far from his Egyptian tomb,
Thy Anthony salutes his Cleopatra.

Town. Thus Cleopatra, in desiring arms,
Receives her Anthony——But prithee dear pickled Hieroglyphic, who so suddenly could assist thee with this shape.

Plot. The play-house can dress mummies, bears, lions, crocodiles, and all the monsters of Lybia. My arms madam are ready to break their past-board prison to embrace you.

Town. Not so hasty. Stay till the jealous fool is out of sight.

Plot. Our ill stars, and the devil, have brought him back so often ——

Town. He can never parry this blow, nor grow jealous of his mummy. A mummy is his intimate friend.

Plot. And a man cannot easily be cuckolded by any body else.

Town. Here may'st thou remain the ornament of his study, and the support of his old age. 'Thou shalt

shalt divert his company and be a father to his children. I will bring thee legs of pullets, remnants of tarts, and fragments of desarts. Thou shalt be fed like Bell and the Dragon.

Plot. But madam; before you entertain me as your mummy in ordinary, you ought to be acquainted with my abilities to discharge that office. Let me slip off this habit of death, you shall find I have some symptoms of life.—Thus Jove within the milk-white swan compress'd his Leda.

[Underplot in the Alligator crawls forward, then rises up and embraces her.]

Underp. Thus Jove within the serpents scaly
[folds,
Twin'd round the Macedonian queen,

Town. Ah!

[Sbricks.

Plot. Fear not, madam. This is my evil genius Underplot that still haunts me. How the devil got you here?

Underp. Why should not the play-house lend me a crocodile as well as you a mummy?

Town. How unlucky is this! *[Aside.]* Nay, I don't know but I may have twenty lovers in this collection. You snakes, sharks, monkeys, and mantygers, speak, and put in your claim before it is too late.

Underp. Mr. Mummy, your humble servant; the lady is pre-engag'd.

Plot. Pray, Mr. Crocodile, let the lady make her own choice.

Underp. Crocodile as I am, I must be treated with common humanity. You can't, madam, disown the message you sent me.

Town. Well! ye pair of Egyptian lovers, agree this matter between you, and I will acquit myself like a person of honour to you both.

Plot.

AFTER MARRIAGE. 187

Plot. Madam! If I don't love you above all your sex, may I be banish'd the studies of virtuosos; and smoak'd like dutch beef in a chimney——

Underp. If I don't love you more than that stale mummy, may I never more be proclaim'd at a show of monsters, by the sound of a glass-trumpet.

Plot. May I be sent to 'Pothecary's-hall, and beat up into venice treacle for the fleet and the army, if this heart——

Underp. May I be stuff'd with straw, and given to a mountebank, if this soul——

Plot. Madam I am a human creature. Taste my balsamick kisses.

Underp. A lover in swadling-clouts! What is his kiss, to my embrace?

Plot. Look upon me, madam. See how I am embroider'd with hieroglyphicks.

Underp. Consider my beautiful row of teeth.

Plot. My balmy breath.

Underp. The strong joints of my back.

Plot. My erect stature.

Underp. My long tail.

Town. Such a contest of beauty! How shall I decide it?

Plot. Take me out of my shell, madam, and I'll make you a present of the kernel.

Underp. Then I must be upon a level with him, and be uncrocodil'd.

Town. Keep both of you your shapes, and we are in no fear of a surprize from the doctor: If you uncase, his presence would undo us. Sure never was any thing so unlucky—I hear his foot-steps; quick to your posts.

[Mummy and Crocodile run to their places.

Enter

Enter FOSSILE, DR. NAUTILUS, and Dr. POSSUM.

Naut. Much joy to the learned Dr. Fossile. To have a mummy, an alligator, and a wife, all in one day, is too great happiness for mortal man!

Poss. This an alligator! Alack a day, brother Nautilus, this is a mere lizard, an eel, a shrimp to mine.

Naut. How improving would it be to the female understanding, if the closets of the ladies were furnish'd, or, as I may say, ornamented and embellish'd with preserv'd butterflies, and beautiful shells, instead of China jars, and absurd Indian pictures.

Town. Now for a stratagem to bring off my unsuccessful pair of gallants.

[*Aside.*
[Exit Townley.

Foss. Ah, Dr. Nautilus, how have I languish'd for your feather of the bird Porphyryon!

Naut. But your dart of the Mantichora!

Foss. Your haft of the antediluvian trowel, unquestionably the tool of one of the Babel-masons!

Naut. What's that to your fragment of Seth's pillar?

Poss. Gentlemen, I affirm I have a greater curiosity than all of them. I have an entire leaf of Noah's journal aboard the ark, that was hewen out of a porphyry pillar in Palmyra.

[*Fossile opens the case of the mummy.*

Naut. By the formation of the muscular parts of the visage, I conjecture that this mummy is male.

Poss. Male, brother! I am sorry to observe your ignorance of the symetry of a human body. Do but observe the projection of the hip; besides, the bloom upon the face; 'tis a female beyond all contradiction.

Foss.

Fof. Let us have no rash dispute, brothers; but proceed methodically——Behold the vanity of mankind! [*pointing to the mummy.*] Some Ptolemy perhaps! ——

Naut. Who by his pyramid and pickle thought to secure to himself death immortal.

Fof. His pyramid, alas! is now but a wainscot case.

Fof. And his pickle can scarce raise him to the dignity of a collar of brawn.

Fof. Pardon me, Dr. Possum: The musæum of the curious is a lasting monument. And I think it no degradation to a dead person of quality, to bear the rank of an anatomy in the learned world.

Naut. By your favour, Dr. Possum, a collar of brawn! I affirm, he is better to be taken inwardly than a collar of brawn.

Fof. An excellent medicine! he is hot in the first-degree, and exceeding powerful in some diseases of women.

Naut. Right, Dr. Fossile; for your Asphaltion.

Fof. Pice-Asphaltus, by your leave.

Naut. By your leave, doctor Possum, I say, Asphaltion.

Fof. And I positively say, Pice-Asphaltus.

Naut. If you had read Dioscorides or Pliny —

Fof. I have read Dioscorides. And I do affirm Pice-Asphaltus.

Fof. Be calm, Gentlemen. Both of you handle this argument with great learning, judgment, and perspicuity. For the present, I beseech you to con- cord, and turn your speculations on my alligator.

Fof. The skin is impenetrable even to a sword.

Naut. Dr. Possum I will show you the contrary.

[*Draws his sword.*]

Fof. In the mean time I will try the mummy with this knife, on the point of which you shall smell the pitch, and be convinc'd that it is the Pice-Asphaltus.

[*Takes up a rusty knife.*]

Fof.

190 THREE HOURS

Foss. Hold, Sir: You will not only deface my mummy, but spoil my Roman sacrificing-knife.

Enter TOWNLEY.

Town. I must lure them from this experiment, or we are discover'd. *[Aside.*

[She looks through a telescope.]
What do I see! most prodigious! a star as broad as the moon in the day-time!

[The doctors go to her.]

Foss. Only a halo about the sun, I suppose.

Naut. Your suppositions, doctor, seem to be groundless. Let me make my observation.

[Nautilus and Possum struggle to look first.]

Town. Now for your escape:

[To Plotwell and Underplot.]

[They run to the door, but find it lock'd.]

Underp. What an unlucky dog I am!

Town. Quick. Back to your posts. Don't move, and rely upon me. I have still another artifice.

[They run back to their places.]

[Exit Townley.]

Naut. I can espy no celestial body but the sun.

Foss. Brother Nautilus, your eyes are somewhat dim; your sight is not fit for astronomical observations.

Foss. Is the focus of the glass right? hold gentle-men, I see it; about the bigness of Jupiter.

Naut. No phenomenon offers itself to my speculation.

Foss. Point over yonder chimney. Directly south.

Naut. Thitherward, begging your pardon, Dr. Possum, I affirm to be the north.

Foss. East.

Foss. South.

Naut. North. Alas! what an ignorant thing is vanity! I was just making a reflection on the ignorance

AFTER MARRIAGE 191

ignorance of my brother Possum, in the nature of the crocodile.

Poss. First, brother Nautilus, convince yourself of the composition of the mummy.

Naut. I will insure your alligator from any damage. His skin I affirm once more to be impenetrable. *[draws his sword.]*

Poss. I will not deface any hieroglyphick. *[Goes to the mummy with the knife.]*

Foss. I never oppose a luciferous experiment. It is the beaten highway to truth.

[Plotwell and Underplot leap from their places; the doctors are frightened.]

Foss. Speak, I conjure thee. Art thou the ghost of some murder'd Egyptian monarch?

Naut. A rational question to a mummy! But this monster can be no less than the devil himself, for crocodiles don't walk.

Enter TOWNLEY and CLINKET.

[Townley whispers Clinket.]

Foss. Gentlemen, wonder at nothing within these walls; for ever since I was married, nothing has happen'd to me in the common course of human life.

Clink. Madam, without a compliment, you have a fine imagination. The masquerade of the mummy and crocodile is extremely just; I would not rob you of the merit of the invention, yet since you make me the compliment, I shall be proud to take the whole contrivance of this masquerade upon myself. *[To Townley.]* Sir, be acquainted with my masqueraders. *[To Fossile.]*

Foss. Thou female imp of Appollo, more mischievous than Circe, who sed gentlemen of the army in a hog's-sye! What mean you by these gambols? this mummy, this crocodile?

Clink.

Clink. Only a little mummary, uncle?

Fof. What an outrageous conceit is this! had you contented yourself with the metamorphosis of Jupiter, our skill in the classicks might have prevented our terror.

Clink. I glory in the fertility of my invention the more, that it is beyond the imagination of a pagan deity. Besides, it is form'd upon the vraysemblance; for I know you had a mummy and a crocodile to be brought home.

Fof. Dr. Nautilus is an infirm tender gentleman; I wish the sudden concussion of his animal spirits may not kindle him into a fever. I myself, I must confess, have an extreme palpitation.

Clink. Dear uncle, be pacified. We are both of us the votaries of our great master Appollo. To you he has assign'd the art of healing: Me he has taught to sing; why then should we jangle in our kindred faculties?

Fof. Appollo, for ought I know, may be a very fine person; but this I am very sure of, that the skill he has given all his physicians is not sufficient to cure the madness of his poets.

Fof. Hark ye, brother Fossile? Your Crocodile has proved a human creature, I wish your wife may not prove a crocodile.

Naut. Hark ye, brother Fossile! Your mummy, as you were saying, seemeth to be hot in the first degree, and is powerful in some diseases of women.

[Exit Nautilus and Fossum.]

Fof. You diabolical performers of my niece's masquerade, will it please you to follow those gentlemen?

Clink. Nay, Sir, you shall see them dance first.

Fof. Dance! the devil! bring me hither a spit, a fire-fork, I'll try whether the monsters are impenetrable or no.

Plotw. I hope, Sir, you will not expose us to the fury of the mob, since we came here upon so courteous a design.

Fof.

AFTER MARRIAGE. 193

Foss. Good courteous Mr. Mummy, without more ceremony, will it please you to retire to your subterraneous habitation. And you Mr. Crocodile, about your business this moment, or you shall change your Nile for the next horse-pond.

Clink. Spare my masqueraders.

Underp. Let it never be said that the famous Dr. Fossile, so renowned for his charity to monsters, should violate the laws of hospitality, and turn a poor alligator naked into the street.

Foss. Deposit your *exuviae* then, and assume your human shape.

Underp. For that I must beg your excuse. A gentleman would not chuse to be known in these frolicks.

Foss. Then out of my doors. here footman, out with him; out, thou hypocrite, of an alligator.

[*Underplot is turn'd out.*]

Sir, the respect I have for catacombs and pyramids, will not protect you.

[*A noise of mob within.*]

Enter PRUE.

Prue. Sir, Sir, lock your doors, or else all your monsters will run home again to the Indies. Your crocodile yonder has made his escape; if he get but to Somerset water-gate, he is gone for ever.

[*Exit Prue.*]

Enter a Footman.

Foot. The herbwoman swore she knew him to be the devil, for she had met him one dark night in St. Pulchre's church-yard; then the monster call'd a coach, methought with the voice of a christian; but a sailor that came by said he might be a crocodile for all that, for crocodiles could cry like children, and was for killing him outright, for they were good to
S
eat

eat in Egypt, but the constable cry'd take him alive, for what if he be an Egyptian, he is still the king's subject.

Ex. footman.

[A noise of mob within.]

Enter PRUE.

Prue. Then he was hurry'd a way by the mob. A bull-dog ran away with six joints of his tail, and the claw of his near foot before: At last by good fortune, to save his life, he fell in with the Hockley in the Hole bull and bear; the master claim'd him for his monster, and so he is now attended by a vast mob, very solemnly marching to Hockley in the Hole, with the bear in his front, the bull in his rear, and a monkey upon each shoulder.

Town. Mr. Mummy, you had best draw the curtains of your chair, or the mob's respect for the dead will scarce protect you.

[Exit Plotwell in a chair.]

Clink. My concern for him obliges me to go see that he gets off safe, lest any further mischief befalls the persons of our masque.

[Exit Clinket.]

Fos. Sweetly, Horace. *Nunquam satis*, and so forth. A man can never be too cautious. Madam, sit down by me. Pray how long is it since you and I have been married?

Town. Near three hours, Sir.

Fos. And what anxieties has this time produc'd? the dangers of divorce! calumnatory letters! lewd fellows introduc'd by my niece! groundless jealousies on both sides! even thy virginity put to the touchstone! but this last danger I plung'd thee in myself; to leave thee in the room with two such robust young fellows.

Town. Ay, with two young fellows!—but my dear, I know you did it ignorantly.

Fos. This is the first blest minute of repose that I have enjoy'd in matrimony. Dost thou know the reason

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reason, my dear, why I have chosen thee of all womankind?

Town. My face, perhaps.

Fos. No.

Town. My wit?

Fos. No.

Town. My virtue and good humour.

Fos. No. But for the natural conformity of our constitutions. Because thou art hot and moist in the third degree, and I myself cold and dry in the first.

Town. And so nature has coupled us like the elements.

Fos. Thou hast nothing to do but to submit thy constitution to my regimen.

Town. You shall find me obedient in all things.

Fos. It is strange, yet certain, that the intellects of the infant depend upon the suppers of the parents. Diet must be prescrib'd.

Town. So the wit of one's posterity is determin'd by the choice of one's cook.

Fos. Right. You may observe how French cooks, with their high ragousts, have contaminated our plain English understandings. Our supper to night is extracted from the best authors. How delightful is this minute of tranquility! my soul is at ease. How happy shalt thou make me! thou shalt bring me the finest boy!

[*A knocking at the door,*

No mortal shall enter these doors this day. [*knocking again.*] Oh, it must be the news of poor lady Hippokekoana's death. Poor woman! such is the condition of life, some die, and some are born, and I shall now make some reparation for the mortality of my patients by the fecundity of my wife. My dear thou shalt bring me the finest boy!

Enter footman.

Foot. Sir, here's a seaman from Deptford must needs speak with you.

196 THREE HOURS

Foss. Let him come in. One of my retale Indian merchants, I suppose, that always brings me some odd thing.

Enter sailor with a child.

What hast thou brought me, friend, a young drill?

Sail. Look ye d'ye see, master, you know best whether a monkey begot him.

Foss. A meer human child.

Town. Thy carelessness, Sarfnet, has exposed me, I am lost and ruin'd. O heav'n! heav'n! No, impudence assist me. [*Aside.*

Foss. Is the child monstrous? or dost thou bring him here to take physick?

Sail. I care not what he takes so you take him.

Foss. What does the fellow mean?

Sail. Fellow me no fellows. My name is Jack Capstone of Deptford, and are not you the man that has the raree-show of oyster-shells and pebble-stones?

Foss. What if I am?

Sail. Why, then my invoice is right, I must leave my cargo here.

Town. Miserable woman that I am! how shall I support this sight! thy bastard brought into thy family as soon as thy bride!

Foss. Patience, patience, I beseech you. Indeed I have no posterity.

Town. You lascivious brute you.

Foss. Passion is but the tempestuous cloud that obscures reason; be calm and I'll convince you. Friend, how come you to bring the infant hither?

Sail. My wife, poor woman, could give him suck no longer, for she died yesterday morning. There's a long account, master. It was hard to trace him to the fountain-head. I steer'd my course from
lane

lane to lane, I spoke to twenty old women, and at last was directed to a ribbon-shop in Covent-Garden, and they sent me hither, and so take the bantling and pay me his clearings. *[Offers him the child.]*

Pof. I shall find law for you, sirrah. Call my neighbour Possum, he is a justice of peace, as well as a physician.

Town. Call the man back. If you have committed one folly, don't expose yourself by a second.

Sail. The gentlewoman says well. Come, master, we all know that there is no boarding a pretty wench, without charges one way or other; you are a doctor, master, and have no surgeons bills to pay; and so can the better afford it.

Town. Rather than you should bring a scandal on your character, I will submit to be a kind mother-in-law.

Enter Justice Possum, and Clerk.

Pof. Mr. justice Possum, for now I must so call you, not brother Possum; here is a troublesome fellow with a child, which he would leave in my house.

Pof. Another man's child? he cannot in law.

Pof. It seemeth to me to be a child unlawfully begotten.

Pof. A bastard! who does he lay it to?

Pof. To our family.

Pof. Your family, *quatenus* a family, being a body collective, cannot get a bastard. Is this child a bastard; honest friend?

Sail. I was neither by when his mother was stow'd, nor when she was unladen; whether he belong to a fair trader, or be run goods, I cannot tell: In short here I was sent, and here I will leave him.

Pof. Dost thou know his mother, friend?

Sail. I am no midwife, master; I did not see him born.

Pos. You had best put up this matter, doctor. A man of your years, when he has been wanton, cannot be too cautious.

Fos. This is all from the purpose. I was married this morning at seven; let any man in the least acquainted with the powers of nature, judge whether that human creature could be conceiv'd and brought to maturity in one forenoon.

Pos. This is but talk, doctor Fossile. It is well for you, though I say it, that you have fallen into the hands of a person, who has study'd the civil and canon law in the point of bastardy. The child is either yours or not yours.

Fos. My child, Mr. Justice!

Pos. Look ye, doctor Fossile, you confound filiation with legitimation. Lawyers are of opinion, that filiation is necessary to legitimation, but not *contra*. [The child cries

Fos. I would not starve any of my own species, get the infant some water-pap. But Mr. Justice—

Pos. The proofs, I say, doctor, of filiation are five. Nomination enunciatively pronounc'd, strong presumptions, and circumstantial proofs—

Fos. What is all this to me? I tell you I know nothing of the child.

Pos. Signs of paternal piety, similitude of features, and commerce with the mother. And first of the first, nomination. Has the doctor ever been heard to call the infant, son?

Town. He has call'd him child, since he came into this room. You have indeed, Mr. Fossile.

Pos. Bring hither the doctor's great bible.—Let us examine in the blank leaf whether he be enroll'd among the rest of his children.

Fos. I tell you, I never had any children. I shall grow distracted, I shall—

Pos. But did you give any orders against registering the child by the name of Fossile?

Fos. How was it possible?

Pos.

Pos. Set down that, clerk. He did not prohibit the registering the child in his own name. We ourselves have observed one sign of fatherly tenderness; clerk, set down the water-pap he order'd just now. Come we may——

Foss. What a jargon is this!

Pos. Come we now, I say, to that which the lawyers call *magnum naturæ argumentum*, similitude of features. Bring hither the child, friend; Dr. Fossile, look upon me. The unequal circle of the infant's face, somewhat resembles the inequality of the circumference of your countenance; he has also the vituline or calf-like concavity of the profile of your visage.

Foss. Pish.

Pos. And he is somewhat beetle-brow'd, and his nose will rise with time to an equal prominence with the doctor's.

Town. Indeed he has somewhat of your nose Mr. Fossile.

Foss. Ridiculous!

Town. The child is comely.

Pos. Consider the large aperture of his mouth.

Sail. Nay, the tokens are plain enough. I have the fellow of him at home; but my wife told me two days ago, that this with the wall-eye and splay-foot belong'd to you, Sir.

[*Prue runs a-crojs the stage with a letter, which Fossile snatches from her.*]

Foss. Whither are you going so fast, hussy? I will examine every thing within these walls. [*Exit Prue.*] [*reads.*] 'For Richard Plotwell, esq;' This letter unravels the whole affair: As she is an unfortunate relation of mine, I must beg you would act with discretion. [*Gives Possum the letter.*]

Pos.

Pos. [*reads*] 'Sir, the child which you father'd
' is return'd back upon my hands. Your Drury-lane
' friends have treated me with such rudeness, that
' they told me in plain terms I should be damn'd.
' How unfortunate soever my offspring is, I hope
' you at least will defend the reputation of the un-
' happy

' Phœbe Clinket.'

—As you say, doctor, the case is too plain; every circumstance hits.

Enter CLINKET.

Clink. 'Tis very uncivil, Sir, to break open one's letters.

Foss. Would I had not; and that the contents of it had been a secret to me and all mankind for ever. Wretched creature, to what a miserable condition has thy poetry reduc'd thee!

Clink. I am not in the least mortified with the accident. I know it has happen'd to many of the most famous daughters of Apollo; and to myself several times.

Foss. I am thunderstruck at her impudence! several times!

Clink. I have had one returned upon my hands every winter for these five years past. I may perhaps be excell'd by others in judgment and correctness of manners, but for fertility and readiness of conception, I will yield to nobody.

Foss. Bless me, whence had she this luxuriant constitution!

Pos. Patience, Sir. Perhaps the lady may be married.

Town. 'Tis infamous, Mr. Fossile, to keep her in your house; yet though you turn her out of doors, use her with some humanity; I will take care of the child.

Clink.

Clink. I can find no *Denouement* of all this conversation. Where is the crime, I pray, of writing a tragedy? I sent it to Drury-Lane house to be acted; and here it is return'd by the wrong goût of the actors.

Pos. This incident has somewhat embarrassed us. But what mean you here, madam, by this expression? Your offspring.

Clink. My tragedy, the offspring of my brain. One of his majesty's justices of the peace, and not understand the use of the metaphor!

Pos. Doctor, you have used much artifice, and many demurrers; but the child must lie at your door at last. Friend, speak plain what thou knowest of this matter.

Foss. Let me relate my story. This morning, I married this lady, and brought her from her lodgings, at Mrs. Chambers's, in King-street, Covent-Garden.

Sail. Mrs. Chambers! To that place I was directed, where liv'd the maid that put the bantling out to be nurs'd by my wife for her lady; and who she was, 'tis none of our business to enquire.

Pos. Dost thou know the name of this maid?

Sail. Let me consider——Lutesstring.

Foss. Sarfnet, thou mean'st.

Sail. Sarfnet, that's right.

Town. I'll turn her out of my house this moment, Filthy creature!

Pos. The evidence is plain. You have cohabitation with the mother, doctor, *currat lex*. And you must keep the child.

Foss. Your decree is unjust, Sir, and I'll seek my remedy at law. As I never was espoused, I never had carnal knowledge of any woman; and my wife, Mrs. Susanna Townley, is a pure virgin at this hour for me.

Pos.

Pos. Sufanna Townley! Sufannah Townley! Look how runs the warrant you drew up this morning.

[*Clerk gives him a paper.*]

Madam, a word in private with you. [*whispers her*] Doctor, my Lord Chief Justice has some business with this lady.

Foss. My Lord Chief Justice business with my wife!

Pos. To be plain with you, doctor Fossile, you have for these three hours entertain'd another man's wife. Her husband, lieutenant Bengal, is just returned from the Indies, and this morning took out a warrant from me for an elopement; it will be more for your credit to part with her privately, than to suffer her publickly to be carried off by a tipstaff.

Foss. Surprizing have been the events of this day; but this, the strangest of all, settles my future repose. Let her go—I have not dishonoured the bed of lieutenant Bengal—Hark ye friend! Do you follow her with that badge of her infamy.

Pos. By your favour, doctor, I never reverse my judgment. The child is yours: for it cannot belong to a man who has been three years absent in the East-Indies. Leave the child.

Sail. I find you are out of humour, master. So I'll call to-morrow for his clearings.

[*Sailor lays down the child, and exit with Possum, Clerk, and Townley.*]

Clink. Uncle, by this day's adventure, every one has got something. Lieutenant Bengal has got his wife again; you a fine child; and I a plot for a comedy; and I'll this moment set about it.

[*Exit Clinket.*]

Foss.

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Foss. What must be, must be. [*takes up the child.*] Fossile, thou didst want posterity: Here behold thou hast it. A wife thou didst not want; thou hast none. But thou art caressing a child that is not thy own. What then? a thousand, and a thousand husbands are doing the same thing this very instant; and the knowledge of truth is desirable, and makes thy case the better, What signifies whether a man beget his child or not? How ridiculous is the act itself, said the great emperor Antoninus! I now look upon myself as a Roman citizen; it is better that the father should adopt the child, than that the wife should adopt the father.

[*Exit Fossile.*]





EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

THE ancient Epilogue, as critics write,
Was, Clap your hands, excuse us, and good-night:
The modern always was a kind essay
To reconcile the audience to the play:
More polish'd, we of late have learn'd to fly
At parties, treaties, nations, ministry.
Our author more genteelly leaves these brawls
To coffee-houses, and to cobblers stalls.
His very monsters are of sweet condition,
None but the Crocodile's a politician;
He reaps the blessings of his double nature,
And, Trimmer like, can live on land or water:
Yet this same monster shou'd be kindly treated,
He lik'd a lady's flesh—but not to eat it.

As for my other spark, my favourite Mummy,
His feats were such, smart youths! as might become ye;
Dead as he seem'd, he had sure signs of life;
His hieroglyphicks pleas'd the doctor's wife.

Whom can our well-bred poetess displease?
She writ like quality—with wond'rous ease:
All her offence was harmless want of wit;
Is that a crime?—ye powers, preserve the pit.

My doctor too, to give the devil his due,
When every creature did his spouse pursue,

(Men

EPILOGUE.

(Men found in living, bury'd flesh, dry'd fish,)
Was e'en as civil as a wife could wish.
Yet he was somewhat saucy with his viol;
What! put young maids to that unnat'ral trial!
So hard a test! why, if you needs will make it,
Faith, let us marry first,——and then we'll take it:
Who could be angry, though like Fossile tear'd?
Consider, in three hours, the man was eas'd.
How many of you are for life beguil'd,
And keep as well the mother, as the child!
None but a Tar could be so tender-hearted,
To claim a wife that had been three years parted;
Would you do this, my friends?—believe me, never:
When modishly you part——you part for ever.

Join then your voices, be the play excus'd
For once, though no one living is abus'd;
To that bright circle that commands our duties,
To you superior eighteen-penny beauties,
To the lac'd hat and cockard of the pit,
To all, in one word, we our cause submit,
Who think good breeding is a-kin to wit.



The *Publisher's*
Advertisement to this
Edition.

THE following Key with the Letter annexed, was sent me from my Correspondent in *London*; which came too late to the English Editor, to be printed with that Edition. As the Squabble between *Cibber* and *Gay* behind the Scenes of the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*, at that Time, was very well known; we imagine the reader will not be displeased to have a particular Account of it, now, first added to this *Dublin* Edition.

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A
K E Y

TO THE
NEW COMEDY;

CALL'D,

THREE HOURS AFTER
MARRIAGE.

Written by a Person of Distinction in
LONDON,

To his Friend in the County of *Cornwall*.

With a Letter, giving an Account of the
Origin of the Quarrel between CIBBER,
POPE, and GAY.

THE NEW COMEDY

THREE HOURS AFTER
MARRIAGE

Written by a Person of Distinction in
LONDON

To his Friend in the County of Cornwall
With a Letter, giving an Account of the
Origin of the Quibel between Classes
JOHN, and GAY.



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A
K E Y
TO THE
NEW COMEDY, &c.

To Sir H. M.

My Friend,

YOU have sent me a long letter to persuade me to an undertaking I cannot think myself capable of executing; therefore, I must call it worse to me than an Egyptian bondage! My frequenting the Theatre (you say) I make my favourite amusement—I confess it—I think it a rational, instructive, and most pleasurable one, of all those this great city affords: Where can a man pass three hours of his idle time better? however, I never enter the house as a critick, and therefore find myself unequal to the task you have imposed upon me; yet notwithstanding, I will venture. But as you make use of this old sentence in your letter,

Ut clavis partam, sic pandit Epistolæ pectus.

I shall divide (as parsons do their pulpit orations) my matter into three parts. First then I shall give you my own thoughts, which I believe concur with

at least three parts of the audience. So I shall unlock (according to your motto) my breast, and tell you all I know or think concerning this affair.

2dly. I intend to let you know as much as I do; at least, all the persons that are satiriz'd in this merry drama.

3dly, And lastly, without the least favour, I shall discover according to my judgment, from whence they have borrowed, or bordered upon any likenesses from any other dramattick piece within my knowledge.

Now as to the FIRST article. The expectation of all lovers of the drama, were rais'd to the highest pitch, from the great reputation of the authors, (the Triumvir, as they were call'd,) Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot. I went to the Theatre the first night, but could not find the least room; every door that was opened to me, diffus'd more heat than a baker's oven, or the mouth of a glass-house. The next morning, I stroll'd to several coffee-houses, where I knew the wits and criticks met like surgeons, to dissect the body of any new piece; but I found more opinions among them, than there are sectaries in the world: So I resolv'd to venture a sweating the next evening, and be my own judge. When I came to the Theatre, I found it crowded as the night before, but fortunately got a seat in the boxes among some of my acquaintance.

Wilk's spoke the prologue with his usual vivacity and applause! but he had no sooner ended, and thrown the fool's cap on the stage, † but the storm began, and the criticks musick of cat-calls join'd in the chorus.—The play was acted like a ship tost in a tempest; yet notwithstanding, through those clouds of confusion and uproar, I, as one of the neutral powers, could discover a great many passages that gave me much satisfaction;

† See the two last lines of the prologue.

tisfaction; and while the inimitable Oldfield was speaking the epilogue, (who performed the character of Mrs. Townley, the doctor's wife) the storm subsided—And to speak poetically, my friend—

The billows seem'd to slumber on the shore.

But when the play was given out for the third night, (tho' the benefit of the author was not mention'd) the roar burst out again, like sudden thunder from two meeting clouds; but I with pleasure observ'd, the roar of applause overcame and triumph'd.

I went the third night to the pit, where I saw the comedy perform'd to a numerous and polite audience with general applause! as for my own particular part, I was extremely delighted. Thus have I unlock'd my own sentiments concerning this three hours after marriage, and expos'd them naked before you. And so ends the first promised article of my Key—Now I shall proceed to the

SECOND, *viz.* The persons that are struck at in this drama (which has opened so many mouths against it) and the cause which drew the satirical lash upon them.

Poets, that are inspir'd by Apollo are so quickly fir'd, that the least touch sets them in a blaze. The Triumvir had been inform'd, that Dr. Fossile, or Dr. Woodward, which you please; (for Dr. Woodward they mean by Dr. Fossile) had very concisely affronted them all three in one speech, *viz.* Pope's essay on criticism, was plundered from Vida—Gays pastoral lucubrations, were built upon Spencer, and Brown's Britania's-pastorals, published in the year 1613—and Arbuthnot could never be eminent in surgery, since he never study'd at Paris or Leyden; for in Scotland, he could learn nothing, but to cure the itch. So Fossile appears as the principal character in this ludicrous drama: He gain'd that title tis said, by asking a man digging in a gravel-pit—if he ever met with any Fossils? the man mistaking the Word, reply'd—no, nor Spiggot's master; for I believe this
gravel-

gravel-pit was never an ale-cellar yet. Thus have I given you all the intelligence I can, why Dr Woodward is Dr. Fossile in this comedy.

The other two physicians next in the dramatis personæ, do not, I believe, mean any particular persons, only to satirize pretenders, and you know we have too many that kill without license.

Sir Tremendous is meant for that snarling, ill-natur'd critick, Dennis, who fell so critically upon Addison, with his billingsgate remarks on Cato! a growler, who never yet lik'd any child of fancy but his own! and I must declare, all of his offspring that I have seen, are as ill-shap'd, and as hard-favour'd as the parent that begot 'em: He swells like an invenom'd reptile, at any thing that gives pleasure to the rest of the world, while he only torments himself; therefore he has truly gain'd the true name of Heautontimerumenos.

The two extraordinary lovers, Plotwell, and Underplot; there are so many of their resemblance in this great town, that we may call them knights of the shires, who represent them all.

The two players by their different manner of speaking, by those whoever convers'd with them, might be easily found to mean Wilk's and Booth.

Now we have open'd our lock, and set to view all our men display'd in our three hours after marriage, I shall proceed to the women, which are but two pointed at in the drama, whatever may occur in the body of the play, which I shall refer to the last article of my discourse. (*do not I my friend talk like your chaplain in the country! on the day between saturday and monday*)?

Mrs. Townley, the heroine of our play, I am inform'd, does not suit the character of Fossile's real wife in the least; for tis said they cannot slander that poor woman with any other failing, than that thing so much out of fashion call'd virtue; which seems as ridiculous as if a woman of quality should come to court to a ball on a birth day, with a black-bever high-crown-
hat

hat on : But they say another eminent physician's wife sat for that picture ; and the painters have done her justice in all but the catastrophe ; for the poor man has her still, nor feels he yet any pain in the forehead ; therefore shall be nameless, for I think it hard, a man's head should be laden, for the lightness of his wife's heels.

Phoebe Clinket ; I am a little griev'd to say, reflects a little on a lady of your acquaintance, the Countess of W——sea, who is so much affected with that itch of versifying, that she has implements for writing, in every room in her house that she frequents. You and I know, Gay has many obligations to that lady. therefore, out of justice and good manners ought to have spar'd her. But poets provok'd, are as bad as hornets ; they care not who they sting ! and I think the motto to the thistle, (the arms of North-Britain) *Nemo me impune lacessit*, given by James V. of Scotland, is not an improper one for a poet—That unlucky lady was heard to say,—*Gays triwia shew'd he was more proper to walk before a chair, than to ride in one.* This sarcasm was the cause, why the poor Countess is thrust among such a pack of motley figures on the stage. As Hamlet says by the players ; “ You had better have a poets good word, than a bad epitaph after your death.” I must confess a poor revenge upon a woman ; and a revenge of this kind on any of the soft sex, is below the dignity of man. I am of the poets opinion, who says—

“ Too noble for revenge ! which still we find

“ The weakest frailty of a feeble mind ;

“ Ungenerous passion ! and for man too base—

Thus my friend have I finish'd my 2d article, and proceed to the THIRD and last, which shall be to consider the play, and remark every passage that borders on any other in the dramatic way, but not with the ill-natur'd design of a critick.

The

The very first scene of the play, puts me in mind of the first entrance of Morose, with his epicæne in Ben Johnson's silent woman; and several other scenes in this *Three Hours after Marriage*, convinces me the authors had that celebrated comedy often in view. But Fossile in his first speech where he says—

"I now proclaim a solemn suspension of arms between medicine and diseases; Be this day sacred to my love." Puts me strongly in mind of Jupiter's ending the first act of Dryden's *amphytrion*: and I doubt not, but the author had the same thought with me.

"Let human kind their sovereign's leisure wait,
"Love is this night my great affair of state:
"Let this one night on providence be void:
"All Jove for once, is on himself employ'd.

In the next page Mrs. Townley says—

Marriage, is not to be undertaken wantonly like brute beasts. Do you not think this following speech of Truwits to Morose upon his sudden marriage, was not the father of Mrs. Townley's speech.

"Wou'd you go to bed so soon? a man of your head and hair should owe more to the reverend ceremony, and not mount the marriage-bed like a town-bull, &c.

The messages from his patients, I like the least of any thing in the whole play, tho' it is a just satire on those people of rank, that dare not be well without the advice of their physician: Yet I am angry at the countess of Hippokekoana, who is no other than the good dutchess of M—n—th, who generally took an emetick once a week. This lady had the misfortune to break her thigh-bone by a fall, but her modesty was so great, she would not allow the surgeons to apply any remedy; but by their advice, women took their office upon them, but performed it so ill, that the poor lady must go lame to her tomb. The annual day, on which her illustrious husband lost his head, she fasts the four and twenty hours: a rare example
of

of conjugal-love ! But indeed something of this whole scene may be picked out of *Moliere*.

In the scene between Tremendous, Clinket and the Players; that critick talks in the usual stile of *Dennis*—But in this speech of—

There is not in all this fadom of ignorance, ten righteous criticks—The triumvir makes a little too free with the old testament.

Those letters that are given to the doctor in disguise of his footman, are something like several passages in *Molier's Cecu imaginaire*. That sign'd *Wyburn*, I believe I need not inform you, is the most noted bawd in London. The character of *Lubomirski*, may be found (at least something like it) in *Lopez de Vega*; but his water of virginity, you may find something very like that in a play call'd the *Changeling*, written by Middleton and Rowley in conjunction, printed 1653.

Their Mummy may be found in a little piece in the *Theatre Italien*, call'd the mummies of Egypt; and I believe the Nile furnish'd the Crocodile.

I begin to be tir'd my friend, and, therefore let me tell you, Mrs. Townley proving no wife to Fossile, may put you in mind of *Ben Johnson's* silent woman, and *Congreve's* old batchelor.

But what of all thi ! who would search for what I have done, but such a compliant puppy as myself, to please one who does not care what trouble I take; but for taking hints from the French, Spanish, or any of our own celebrated authors, especially if they are improved upon, as in justice these are, I will not esteem a crime—How many whole plays have we translated from the celebrated *Moliere*, that every winter gives pleasure to a British audience ? I shall never ask my cook of what ingredients my dishes are compos'd, so my viands are wholesome and well relish'd : And this Three Hours after Marriage, in my opinion, had not the satire been pointed at particular people, might have furnish'd out a repast for many winters Theatric nights.

216 A LETTER, &c.

To the Publisher.

S I R,

I Desire you will publish this short account I send you, if you think fit, since it cannot more properly be tacked to any other work—It is wrote by a person who is still alive, and tho' a woman, intimate with the poets of this century, and consequently with most of the theatrical persons worthy notice; therefore I have sent you a careful copy from the original, by the gentleman's consent it was wrote to.

A LETTER, giving an Account of the Origin of the Quarrel between Cibber, Pope, and Gay.

S I R,

YOU tell me, it is matter of great surprize to you, that Pope like a vicious horse, has so often flung out at the Laureat, whose apology for his life and comedies you so much admire. Women, depend on it, Sir Thomas, keep up a little vanity, even in the decline of life, as well as you men; and you will certainly think so, when I tell you I can unravel all the true reasons, and sources of that affair.—I have often informed you, my intimacy with Mrs. Oldfield brought me the freedom of the theatre, as well at rehearsals in the morning, as the use of her box at night. I accompany'd her almost every morning to the *Three Hours after Marriage*. This comedy was the source of that bitterness, and keen-cutting satire that Pope expresses against Cibber in all his writings. At the rehearsal of this piece, no two could express more amity; and the former was often heard to say, with his other two associates, Arbuthnot and Gay: "Cibber, in teaching the comedians their parts, had struck out infinitely more humour than they themselves conceiv'd, or even meant; and I heard Gay say"—

"We dug the oar, but he refin'd the gold."

Which was plainly owning, they all three had a hand in mixing the ingredients for this theatric pudding.

We shall give the first appearance of Pope's resentment, in Mr. Cibber's own words, in his letter to

Pope;

Pope; and then relate another passage the laureat has omitted.

“ The play of the Rehearsal, which had lain some
 “ few years dormant, being by his present majesty
 “ (then Prince of Wales) commanded to be reviv’d,
 “ the part of Bayes fell to my share. To this character,
 “ there always had been allow’d such ludicrous liber-
 “ ties of observation, upon any thing new or remar-
 “ kable in the state of the stage, as Mr. Bayes should
 “ think proper to take. Much about this time the
 “ Three Hours after Marriage had been acted, which
 “ Mr. Baye’s as usual had a fling at, which in itself
 “ was no jest, unless the audience would please to
 “ make it one. In this play, two coxcombs being
 “ in love with a virtuoso’s wife; to get unsuspected
 “ access to her, ingenuously sent themselves as two
 “ presented rarities to the husband, the one swath’d
 “ up like an Egyptian Mummy, and the other slyly
 “ cover’d in the paste-board skin of a Crocodile: Upon
 “ which poetical expedient, Mr. Bayes, when the
 “ two kings of Brentford came down from the clouds
 “ into the throne again; instead of what my part di-
 “ rected me to say, I made use of these words, *viz.*
 “ Now Sir, this revolution, I had some thoughts of
 “ introducing by a quite different contrivance; but
 “ my design taking air, some of your sharp wits I
 “ found, had made use of it before me; otherwise, I
 “ intended to have stolen one of them in, in the
 “ shape of a mummy, and the other, in that of a
 “ crocodile. The audience by their roar of applause,
 “ show’d their approbation: But why am I answer-
 “ ble for that? I did not lead them by any reflection
 “ of my own. But this it seems was so heinously ta-
 “ ken by Mr. Pope, that in the swellings of his
 “ heart after the play was over, he came behind the
 “ scenes with his lips pale, and voice trembling, to
 “ call me to account for the insult, and, accordingly
 “ fell upon me with all the foul language, that a wit
 “ out of his senses, could be capable of—*How durst*
 “ *I have the impudence to treat any gentlemen in that*

U

“ manner

" manner ? &c, &c, &c. Now let the reader judge by
 " this concern, who was the true mother of the child—
 " When he was almost choak'd with the foam of
 " his passion, I was enough recover'd to make him
 " (as near as I can remember) this reply—*viz.* Mr.
 " Pope, you are so particular a man, that I must be
 " ashamed to return your language as I ought to do;
 " but since you have attacked me in so monstrous a man-
 " ner, this you may depend upon, that as long as the
 " play continues to be acted, I will never fail to re-
 " peat the same words over and over again. Now, as
 " he accordingly found I kept my word for several
 " nights following, I am afraid he has since thought,
 " that his pen was a sharper weapon than his tongue,
 " to trust his revenge with; and, however just cause
 " this may be for his doing so; it is, at least, the on-
 " ly cause my conscience can charge me with.

So far has Mr. Cibber thought fit to relate of this
 affair, and no farther, which is strictly true: But the
 laureat in this account of the first failing of Mr. Pope's
 friendship, makes no mention of what pass'd between
 him and Mr. Gay, the fourth evening, after his
 sparring with Mr. Pope: Perhaps, the death of Gay
 prevail'd on him to be silent, or perhaps, that author,
 never having publicly attack'd him, might be his
 motive for not mentioning the affair.

Thus it was, Mr Pope's frail form not being cut
 out for a hero, spirited up Mr. Gay, as a party con-
 cerned in the suppos'd affront; and accordingly, the
 fourth night, after Pope's ill success, Gay, like a va-
 liant champion, came behind the scenes to attack
 Bayes at the head of his new rais'd forces: A dange-
 rous undertaking, since, he might have seen, if rage
 had not blinded him, several horse, rang'd on each
 side the field of battle, ready for the riders to mount,
 at the first call of the trumpet—most of the forces
 were in their tents, waiting the word of command.
 But Bayes, the general, already prepar'd, was gone
 from his pavilion, and reconnoitring the numerous
 spectators—that is without a metaphor: Cibber with

his

his glove rais'd up to his eyes, (his usual custom) was observing the audience about half an hour after five o'clock (the play beginning in drury-lane exactly at six) when Gay accosted him. We shall wave the short dialogue; but only observe that great poets are as well vers'd in the vulgar language, as well as the sublime, and perhaps, in their anger show as little politeness, as those educated in the boarding-school of billing's-gate. But at last Gays passion grew ungovernable; he with his arm rais'd high, was going to discharge a ponderous blow upon Bayes's, but a slander by disarmed him, and prevented the ignominious blow. They then seiz'd each other, grappled hard, and a cuff or two were exchange'd on both sides—Gay having the advantage of youth, and strength, threw Bayes down, yet he bravely drag'd his foe down with him in his fall: But the affair growing a little too serious, the combatants were parted, without bloodshed, save that Bayes got a small scratch upon the nose, which the piece of wet brown paper, (a property of his part) decently conceal'd from the spectators. It is certain, one of those that endeavoured to part them, got a most severe broken shin from one of them; so that we may be assur'd they *kick'd* as well as *cuff'd*. However this combat did not last so long as it takes up in the relation. Bayes's wig went once more under the correction of the barber, and the play began at the stated time. We cannot call this by the pompous name of Battle, but simply skirmishing; but as Gay was obliged to quit the field, Bayes may in some sort be termed victor; however, he triumph'd with his mummy and crocodile that night, but dropt it afterwards, the jest growing stale. Mr. Pope's apparition to Mr. Cibber on this occasion was known to very few, but this of Mr. Gay was the common town and table-talk for some time, kept up by the grub-street wits that made many a hearty meal upon it, ('till something more in season threw it out of the bill of fare.) It is manifest, this trussing beginning put an end to Pope's friendship for Cibber

if he really had any ; and the continuance of his enmity, for near thirty years, is no mark of humanity. It is accounted unmanly and mean, to give a person repeated strokes, when he has not spirit enough to resent the first; and yet that excellent poet, had so much bitterness in his sweet wit, (if we may be allowed to say so,) that to many it palls the taste. The reader in this supplement, will not find Cibber's name once mentioned: The reason is apparent; he had not done any thing to provoke; but since the year of the three Hours after Marriage, (1717) he has a dart at him in almost every thing he publishes—In his epistle to doctor Arbuthnot he plainly says—(mentioning a play he was desired to recommend to the stage)

There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
Cibber and I, are luckily no friends.

And yet it is well known, Mr. Cibber never made the least return, till his letter to Pope 1742, and then, he declar'd to many of his friends, he did it, because he had no other business on his hands, and that he might not be forgot before he was dead. Of all the foibles Mr. Cibber might be guilty of, those that are conversant with him, know malice, envy or slander, are not in the composition.

When a person informed him, Pope was no more; he seem'd much concern'd, and reply'd, I am griev'd for the loss of so great a man; I was never his enemy, and for those spots he seem'd to dash on me, his admirable wit made me overlook them all—and I am convinced, he sometimes wrote against the sentiments of his heart. Nay we are informed, Pope was heard to say in his last sickness—

“ My satires against Cibber, are not my last repented faults.”

But we are not willing to part with this Three Hours after Marriage, without relating an odd accident, that happened the 4th night of that play; it may be called a scene of distress, in a pantomime that besell an unlucky lover; for it was all in dumb show: We are sure, it created more vociferous mirth in the spectators,

spectators, than any other passage of wit or satire; and the enemies to the Triumvir, declared it was the best thing in the whole piece. Had Hogarth been present (as he might have been) his inimitable pencil would, have stronger ideas, of the comic distress, than any description can do: But, perhaps, contemplating the scene may strengthen the readers imagination.

Cibber, was the mummy, curiously wrapt and folded with proper bandages, painted with false Egyptian Hieroglyphics, but however false the heraldry, his arms were at liberty. The droll facetious Penkethman, was that amphibious devourer, the crocodile, where the painter, the tailor, with other artificers had us'd their utmost skill: The monster's two foremost legs, were fitted to his arms, and Penky's legs, serv'd for those of the monster. He made a formidable figure as he crawl'd in, with his great head, and long tail; for, tho' he was ordered to be carry'd as a stuff'd monster, he would creep, as crocodiles should do on dry land: When he stood upright, his face peep'd from the belly of the monster; form'd monstrously to charm indeed! The case that brought in the mummy-lover, was plac'd in the center of the stage behind, and the door, or, open part, stood facing the audience upright—While they were employ'd in their courtship, displaying their charms as lovers; Penkethman, the crocodile, boasting much in the beauty of his long tail, and, traversing the stage, unfortunately made such a parade with it, that he threw down Sarfnet (the attendant and confidant of Mrs. Townley) flat upon her back, where she discovered more linnen than other habitments, and, more skin and flesh than linnen, this began the first uproar in the audience. The persons of the drama upon the stage, strove to screen the accident as much as they could, and the crocodile, Penkethman, (whose face was a farce) rising from giving his assistance to the fallen maid; unluckilly, his back encountered the case for the mummy, which stood upright, openmouth'd, to receive him, that case and crocodile fell backward

with such violent noise, that the body of the crocodile lay intirely inhum'd in the case of the mummy, all absorb'd but the head and tail of the monster; and the rapidity of the fall, had so forcibly jamm'd all that appertain'd to Pinky's fair form, that all the strength and skill of twenty people running to the assistance of the monster, could not disengage him, till Pallas in the likeness of hammers, saws, chissels, and other implements in the hands of those that knew their use, releas'd him. This scene took more than half an hour in the action; with what roar of applause the reader must form in his own Imagination. Many of the audience the next night, made an interruption of some minutes, to have the scene repeated, which so much alarmed poor Sarfnet, that she run off the stage extremely frighted, which provok'd a peal of laughter from the spectators.

You see sir, it is some danger, to give a woman room to talk; but I'll make an end with Bromias's last speech in the second act of Amphytrion, viz.

“The tongue is the last moving thing about a woman.”



THE



THE
CHALLENGE:

A
COURT BALLAD.

To the Tune of,
To all you Ladies now at Land, &c.

I.

TO *one* fair lady out of court,
And *two* fair ladies in,
Who think the *Turk**, and *Pope*† a sport,
And wit and love no sin;
Come, these soft lines, with nothing stiff in,
To *Bellenden*, *Lepell*, and *Griffin*.
With a fa, la, la,

II.

What passes in the dark third row,
And what behind the scene,
Couches and crippled chairs I know,
And garrets hung with green;
I know

* *Ulrick*, the little Turk.

† The Author.

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I know the swing of sinful hack,
Where many damsels cry alack.

With a fa, la, la:

III.

Then why to courts should I repair,
Where's such ado with *Townshend*,
To hear each mortal stamp and swear,
And every speech with Zoons end;
To hear 'em rail at honest *Sunderland*,
And rashly blame the realm of *Blunderland* *.

With a fa, la, la.

IV.

Alas! like *Schutz* I cannot pun,
Like *Grafton* court the Germans;
Tell *Pickenbourg* how slim she's grown,
Like *Meadows* run to sermons;
To Court ambitious men may roam,
But I and *Marlbro'* stay at home.

With a fa, la, la.

V.

In truth, by what I can discern,
Of courtiers 'twixt you *three*,
Some

* IRELAND.

THE CHALLENGE. 225

Some wit you have, and more may learn

From court, than *Gay* or *Me* :

Perhaps, in time, you'll leave high diet,

To sup with us on milk and quiet.

With a fa, la, la.

VI.

At Leicester-Fields, a house full high,

With door all painted green,

Where ribbons wave upon the tye,

(A Milliner I mean ;)

There may you meet us *three to three*,

For *Gay* can well make two of *Me*.

With a fa, la, la!

VII.

But shou'd you catch the prudish itch,

And each become a coward,

Bring sometimes with you lady *Rich*,

And sometimes mistress *Howard* ;

For virgins to keep chaste, must go

Abroad with such as are not so.

With a fa, la, la!

VIII. And

226 THE CHALLENGE.

VIII.

And thus, fair maids, my ballad ends ;

God send the king safe landing * ;

And make all honest ladies friends

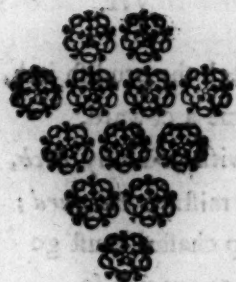
To armies that are standing ;

Preserve the limits of these nations,

And take off ladies limitations.

With a fa, la, la.

* This Ballad was written anno 1717.



EPIGRAMS,

Occasion'd by an

INVITATION

TO

COURT.

I.

IN the *lines* that you sent, are the *Muses* and
Graces;

You have the *nine* in your *wit*, and *three* in your
faces.

II.

They may talk of the *goddeses* in *Ida* vales,

But *you* shew your *wit*, whereas *they* shew their
tails.

III.

You *Bellenden*, *Griffin*, and little *Lepell*,

By G—d you all lie like the D—l in hell;

To say that at Court there's a dearth of all wit,

And send what *Argyle*, would he *write*, might have
writ.

IV. *Adam*

IV.

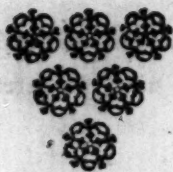
Adam had fallen twice, if for an apple
The D——I had brought him *Bellenden* and *Lepell*.

V.

On Sunday at six, in the street that's call'd *Gerrard*,
You may meet the two *champions* who are no
lord *Sb—rd*.

VI.

They say *A——*'s a wit, for what?
For *writing*? no,—for *writing* not.





A
K E Y
T O
**Mr. P O P E's Literary
Correspondence.**

IN Mr. Pope's letter to the Earl of Burlington, giving an account of Mr. Lintot's journey with him to Oxford, speaking of Oldisworth, 'I lost, says Mr. Lintot, by his Timothy's.' This alludes to a book intituled, *A Dialogue between Timothy and Philatheus, &c.* written against the rights of the church.

LETTERS of Mr. Pope to H. C. Esq; from 1708 to 1711, *i. e.* to Henry Cromwell, Esq; and wherever in the said letters Mr. C. is mentioned, Mr. Cromwell is meant.

LETTERS to several LADIES.

LETTER VI. Read the beginning thus; I will not describe Bl—— (that is) Bleinheim near Woodstock, the seat of the Duke of Marlborough.

LETTER XI. Mrs. B—— and Mrs. L——, *i. e.* Mrs. Bellenden, and Mrs. Lepell. Mrs. H——, *i. e.* Mrs. Howe. B—— Park, *i. e.* Bushey Park,
X near

near Hampton-Court, the seat of the Earl of Halifax.

LETTER XV. At Lord H—'s, *i. e.* Lord Harcourt's seat, *viz.* Stanton-Harcourt, in Oxfordshire.

LETTER XXII. Mr. C—, *i. e.* Mr. Carol. *Ibid.* The Duke of B—m, *i. e.* the Duke of Buckingham.

LETTERS to the Honourable Edward Blount, Esq; Mr. D— in letter of March 20, 1715-16, *i. e.* Mr. Dodwell.

LETTER of June 27, 1723. The christian bishop therein mentioned, *i. e.* Bishop Atterbury.

LETTERS of Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay, from 1712 to 1730.

LETTER, Dec 24, 1712. The Dutchess, *i. e.* the Dutchess of Queensberry. *Ibid.* He who does what Chaucer says—'for sustenance.' (*i. e.* S—)

LETTER of May 4, 1714. Breathing in smoke, walking in crouds, and making fine pictures of this way of life, &c.

This is a compliment to Mr. Gay, upon his poem called Trivia, or the Art of walking the Streets of London, octavo. *Ibid.* the Dean, *i. e.* Swift. In the next letter, Y—g, *i. e.* Dr. Edward Young, author of Busiris, a tragedy. *Ibid.* the close of this letter, *viz.* I am, divine Bucoliast, thy loving countryman, *i. e.* a compliment paid by Dean Parnel to Mr. Gay, upon his Pastorals, intituled, The Shepherd's Week.

. LETTER

LETTER of Nov. 8, 1718. Mr. Gays letter to Mr. Lowndes, therein mentioned, alludes to a poem in his works, thus inscribed;

To my ingenious and worthy friend, *William Lowndes, Esq;* author of that celebrated treatise in folio, called, the Land-Tax Bill.

WHEN poets print their works, the scribbling crew,

Stick the bard o'er with bays, like Christmas Pew :

Can meagre poetry such fame deserve ?

Can poetry ; that only writes to starve ?

And shall no laurels deck that famous head,

In which the senate's annual law is bred ?

That hoary head, which greater glory fires,

By nobler *ways* and *means* true fame acquires.

O had I Virgil's force to sing the man,

Whose learned lines can millions raise *per ann.*

Great Lowndes's praise should swell the trump of fame,

And rapes and wapentakes resound his name.

LETTER of Septemb. 11, 1722. Lady Dutcheſs of M. *i. e.* Dutcheſs of Marlborough. Mrs. A—'s navel, Mrs. Arbuthnot's navel.

LETTER beginning 'Dear Gay,' the Dean therein mentioned, *i. e.* Swift.

LETTER of Aug. 18. 1730. Mr. Pope ſays, 'I now honour Sir Robert Walpole,' &c. This is arrant ſneer ; for it can be proved, that altho' this gentleman has done Mr. Pope ſome ſignal favours, yet he wrote the character of the Norfolk Steward in the Craftsman, to abuſe him. *Ibid.* Dr. A—, *i. e.* Dr. Arbuthnot. *Ibid.* The Dean, *i. e.* Swift. *Ibid.* Old Dutcheſs of M. *i. e.* of Marlborough.

LETTER

LETTER of Septemb. 11, 1730. The sink of human greatness at W—r, i. e. the Royal Family and court at Windsor. *Ibid.* Mrs. B. i. e. Mrs. Blount of Peterham in Surrey.

In a letter from the Earl of Peterborow:
‘ If I were a man of many plums.’*

LETTER to Lord Bathurst, ‘ designing a princely garden’

N. B. The royal gardens at Richmond.

* A modern cant term for a hundred thousand pound man

F I N I S

